

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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SOMETHING FOR IDLE MEN TO DO

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Seven

A LITTLE COUNTRY'S BIG ACHIEVEMENT

ACTING WHILE WE TALK
Holland's Peaceful Conquest of
New Territory

18-MILE STONE WALL

About fourteen years ago Mr Lloyd George's Government made a mighty noise with a programme of Reconstruction Schemes. Never were such glorious things to be done.

But they were not done.

About the same time the Government of Holland quietly determined on a Reconstruction Scheme; they would begin a vast scheme to reclaim the Zuyder Zee.

It has been done.

While our politicians have dropped their proud schemes and slipped back into the game of party politics little Holland has done one of the biggest things that a country ever conceived. She is, perhaps, the first country in history to widen her boundaries peacefully without a touch of violence or dissent.

A Sea Becomes a Lake

With the completion of the great dyke which stretches from the coast of the province of North Holland for over eighteen miles to the coast of Friesland, the Zuyder Zee has become a lake.

In early historical times the Zuyder Zee was a forest, and it was only about 600 years ago that the waters of the North Sea broke in over the land, sweeping away villages and their inhabitants. From the seventeenth century onward about 140,000 acres of land were reclaimed and added to the province of North Holland; and more recently, since the new works began in 1920, a further 25,000 acres have been won from the sea.

Half a Million Acres of New Land

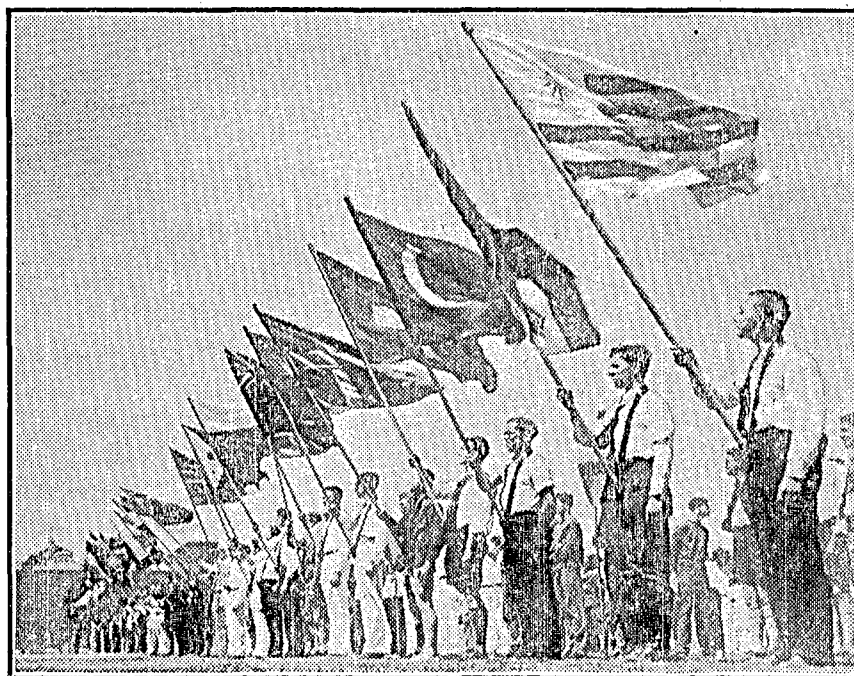
Now the North Sea is shut out once more there remains the task of emptying the great Zuyder Lake. Actually the water is to be pumped out from two-thirds of its area, the intention being to leave a lake which will have waterways into Amsterdam and the River Yssel. In the great dam that has just been finished there are 25 sluices through which the water will pour back into the North Sea as it is pumped from the land, about half a million acres in all.

Twelve years it has taken to build the dam, and although more than 3000 men are at work it will be at least another twenty years before the scheme is completed. It is believed that the land then won back from the sea will support a population of 200,000.

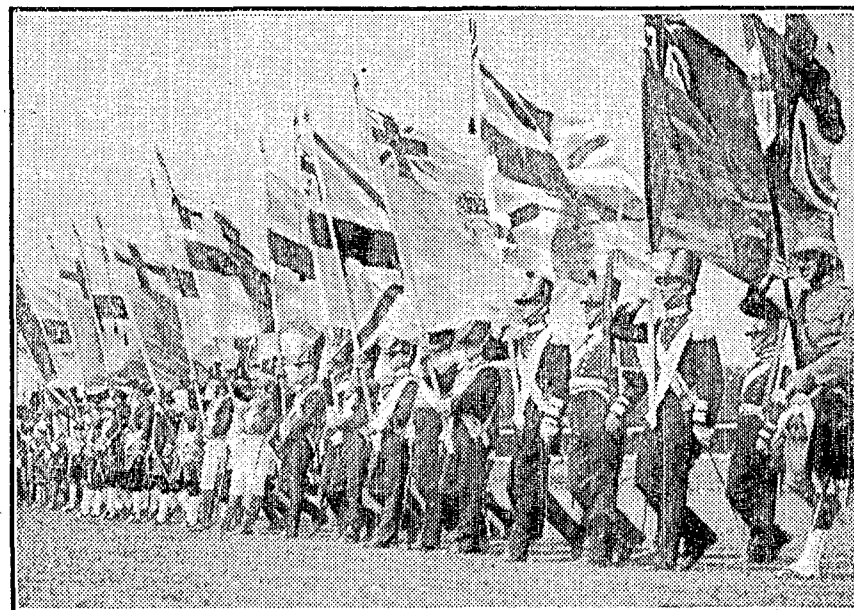
The greater part of Holland is below sea-level, and as recently as 1916 she suffered a flood disaster in which many lives were lost and much good pasture land was spoiled by salt water. The new dyke should make a repetition of this impossible.

Picture on page 3

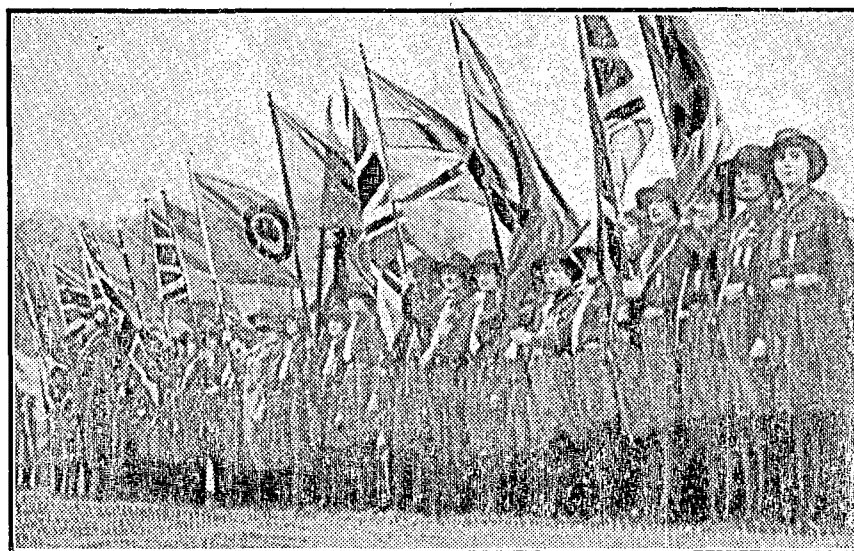
Keeping the Flags Flying



The Flags of the Nations at a rehearsal for the Olympic Games at Los Angeles



Historic colours of English regiments to be seen at the Searchlight Tattoo at Aldershot



The parade of colours at a Girl Guide Rally

THE STONE AGE ARTIST WAS RIGHT

THE MAMMOTH AND
HIS TRUNK

An Old Wrong That Has Been
Righted At Last

THE SECRET IN THE ICE

Thousands of years ago, in what is called the Early Stone Age, there was an artist who drew animals on the walls of a cave. Among them he drew the mightiest of all, the colossal hairy elephant called the mammoth.

Thousands of years later men found these drawings and said they were very good. The deer were just like deer, the wild boars just like wild boars. But the naturalists shook their heads over the mammoth. That was clumsily drawn, they said. They maintained that the trunk was wrong.

Other drawings of mammoths were found in other caves, but always with the same sort of trunk. Still the naturalists said it was a case of bad drawing.

What the Wiseacres Said

The end of the trunk and the opening were shown as much larger and wider than those of modern elephants. Mr Indian Elephant has a sort of finger growing from the upper lip of his trunk, and Mr African Elephant has such a finger growing from both upper and lower lip. They are delicate and clever, these fingers, and the elephant can pick flowers with them. Some such trunk must the mammoth have had, the wiseacres said.

But lately the Russian Academy of Sciences has secured the tip of a mammoth's trunk which had been preserved in ice ever since the Stone Age.

Often have bones and teeth been found, from England to Siberia, but we believe that this is the first time a trunk tip has been found. It has been waiting for thousands of years to justify the cave artists.

What the Cave Artists Saw

Just as their drawings showed, the mammoth's trunk ended in a big, coarse opening, with a thick finger growing out of the upper lip to fit into the grooved lower lip. The mammoth did not go about delicately plucking leaves; he tore off great bunches of herbage. He was not such a refined fellow as the modern elephant, and he probably talked with his mouth full. But it must be remembered that Stone Age foliage and Stone Age manners were not ours.

Sir Arthur Woodward has just been telling a scientific meeting of the Zoological Society about the Russian find, so that it is reliable and the cave artist is righted at last.

The naturalists know now that he was not a clumsy draughtsman, but an accurate observer.

A VEIL OF MYSTERY EXPLORER LIFTS IT A LITTLE

Lost City That May Have Been
Destroyed From the Sky

AN ARABIAN TALE

Another explorer has lifted a fold of the veil which hides the burning sands of Arabia in a glamour of mingled mystery and romance.

Mr St John Philby has crossed the Rub Al-Khali Desert, seeking the Lost City of which the tale seems to belong to the Arabian Nights. He found it and looked on what no white traveller had seen before.

But to his eyes there was no city, only what seemed to be the craters of extinct volcanoes set in the scorching waste. The city had vanished like a mirage. Could it have been that in some legendary blaze its walls, its wealth, its princes, its people had been swallowed up in ruthless clouds of rolling fire? Or was its existence merely some ancient myth that had been born before Arabia had a history?

The Barrier

The story, as the Arabs have told it for centuries in prose and verse, is that this city was once inhabited by a cruel and wicked king. Fire fell on it from heaven. It was destroyed with all inside it. The very place was accursed. None would dwell among its ruins till some daring tribe of a half-human race of monsters found habitation there. No Arab would approach them.

For uncounted centuries the sands, the pitiless Sun, the menace of unquenchable thirst drew a barrier round the secret place. But the wandering desert nomads brought strange stories of it, telling of its ruined walls, and a piece of iron set up in the desert as large as a camel. But none could say where it was.

A Perilous Journey

Our British explorer, sceptical but determined and greatly aided by the help and influence of the King of the Wahabis, set out to see—and to admire, if he could. He found the site after a perilous journey of a thousand miles over steppe and sand, and came at last to the lost city, which the Arabs call Wabar.

But Wabar as he saw it with the cold, inquiring eye of science was not a place of ruins. He looked from a hilltop on what seemed to him the traces of a volcano.

If this had been all Mr St John Philby's story it might have been possible to set the Arab tradition against his testimony. But he photographed what he saw, and showed his enlarged picture on a screen to the members of the Royal Geographical Society.

What Are the Craters?

There Wabar was, as seen in Kensington, "a place of exposed craters, submerged craters, the reputed site of a large iron block, and patches of slag."

The large iron block, when it was found, was diminished from the size of a camel to that of a lump of meteoric iron. Thus, as it seems, the mythical city, the great mass of iron, had shrunk almost to vanishing point. There is and was "no fairy land forlorn."

Yet, when all is told, Mr Philby leaves something for our imagination to dwell upon. He has another fairy tale which is one of those that science tells.

If there was one meteoric stone there may have been others. A few years ago a great meteorite crashed to earth in a Siberian forest marsh, and burned the forest by its terrific impact. If such a block had fallen at Ludgate Circus it would have left no City of London standing.

Can it have been that the extinct craters of Wabar are not craters at all, but merely the place where thousands of years ago some stone from the skies fell and wrecked all that was there?

A POET'S GALLANT SON

A Helper on the Way

A last link with the Victorian poet Coventry Patmore has been severed by the death of his surviving son Captain Francis Patmore.

The poet who wrote so many tender lines had a son worthy of him in gentleness and courage. Before the war swept him into its net he was known as an ardent supporter of the Boy Scouts and a lover of the English birds, on which he was one of the first authorities.

The war took him to Kut, where he fell into the hands of the Turks after its fall as a prisoner. On the 1700-miles march from Bagdad to Asia Minor he and his fellow-prisoners suffered unimaginable hardships. From the effects of these and of the typhus which he contracted in a Turkish prison he never recovered, and they led to his death before he was fifty.

If an epitaph were sought for this very gallant gentleman it might be found in a sentence written of him in the story of that terrible march through Asia:

With courage and self-sacrifice he carried many a man's kit and helped those along who would otherwise have fallen out to die.

KEEPING US GOING Beans, Mushrooms, and the Treasury

The country needs money, and the humble turnip and the proud flower alike have been doing their bit to help the Treasury.

Some months ago duties were imposed on horticultural products coming from abroad; up to the end of April they had yielded £256,190. Of this sum nearly £110,000 came from cut flowers. Here are some of the other items:

| | | | |
|--------------------------|---------|--------------|-------|
| New potatoes | £54,953 | Cucumbers | £3861 |
| Broccoli and cauliflower | £30,964 | Green beans | £3431 |
| Lettuce | £25,155 | Mushrooms | £2520 |
| Grapes | £9639 | Green peas | £1919 |
| Asparagus | £5919 | Turnips | £63 |
| | | Strawberries | £22 |

Rose trees yielded £759, but by taxing flowers attached to bulbs the country is better off to the extent of a further £12.

CITY FLOWERS

Manchester owns more than smoke and a reputation for rainy weather. Her city parks are magical possessions, where flowers rise from the murk.

Philips Park shows the massed ranks of 50,000 tulips, visited at this season by thousands from surrounding towns. Tulip Sunday is an annual event here. Heaton Park has acres of naturalised bulbs, on beautiful undulating land, well wooded; and a wonderful Old English garden, beloved of all Lancashire. Here, too, are incredible banks and masses of rhododendrons, lighting up the landscape for miles. Wythenshawe has these, also, including some rare specimens. Alexandra Park has a fine rock garden, a feast of loveliness, and every clump named for our instruction. Bluebells, water-lilies, roses, delphiniums—all may be seen here.

Continued from the previous column

If a city of a wicked king had received the impact it would have vanished, leaving no trace behind.

This is not all fancy, for the scientific discoveries of the explorer showed that in this place, now the abomination of desolation, was once a lake or a river. People lived here, for they have left behind flint implements which belong to the age of the Neolithic men, or of those who had just exchanged the Stone Axe for the bronze sword.

All that was thousands of years before Babylon or Nineveh arose to be great. Can it have been that before them there dwelled a king of the Rub Al-Khali, who builded this city that perished by fire "like snow upon the desert's dusty face"?

A VICTORIAN LADY MRS BENJAMIN WAUGH

Odd Memories of School in the Long Ago

LITTLE GIRLS WHO LOST THEIR MITTENS

England has lost another fine old Victorian character.

It was once prophesied of Mrs Benjamin Waugh, who has lately passed on at 93, that she could not live to be 21, so delicate was her health when she was a child. But she was never the kind of Early Victorian maiden we read about, who fainted at the sight of a spider. She would join her brothers in all their games, and was often seen flying kites with them on the beach at Southport.

She married Benjamin Waugh, founder of the N.S.P.C.C., of whose great work Lord Alverston said that "in the whole course of history there has been no one who has done more to improve the condition of little children."

To bring up twelve children on a small income was a task to keep Mrs Waugh busy from morning to night. Her husband's work took him so much from home that he scarcely saw his family. Once, when he was standing as a candidate for the first London School Board, he returned at night to find that his wife had pinned to his own nursery door the headline of one of his election posters: *Neglected Children*.

The Children's Charter

His efforts resulted in the Children's Act of 1889, sometimes called the Children's Charter, which makes each child a citizen from its birth.

Mrs Waugh, who was a woman of much originality and independence of thought, was too busy with home duties to take part in her husband's work as much as she would have liked, but her own children were all the happier for that. She would take them into the garden at night to look at the stars or to search for a meteor. In modern times she often reminded people of the good old custom in schools of teaching children astronomy with a globe.

Although she scorned the modern belief that Victorian women were nonentities, she was ready to laugh at some of the absurd conventions of Victorian days. One of the most curious memories she had was that in her school the girls were obliged to wear their mittens when they said Good-night to the two austere headmistresses. Those children who had forgotten, or (like the kittens in the nursery rhyme) had lost their mittens would, as they awaited their turn, surreptitiously receive those of the girls who had already gone through the ceremony, and would put them on behind their backs.

A Tale of a Tail

Even at 93 Mrs Waugh's keen sense of fun had not left her, and one of the last stories she told was of her grandfather, the Rev Greatbatch, a famous Independent minister. Like John Wesley, he went about preaching on horse-back, and one day, when he was holding forth in a village some wag cut off the hair of the tail of his horse. Later he stopped at a cottage for a meal, and the old woman there tied on the horse's hair so skilfully that a rumour went round the village that "Mr Greatbatch has prayed the hair back again."

Mrs Waugh remembered being taken to consult Dr James Young Simpson, the first doctor to use chloroform as an anaesthetic. His services were so much in request that he instituted a sewing-meeting in his waiting-room.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|----------|--------|
| Deimos | Dy-mos |
| Haifa | Hy-fah |
| Perrault | Pay-ro |
| Yssel | I-sel |

ONE MORE DREAM COMES TRUE

First Free University in the Empire

The thirteenth of April was a red-letter day to all Western Australians, for on that day the University at Crawley, the first in the State, and the only free university in the British Empire, was formally opened.

Twenty years ago the university began in Perth with eight professors and three lecturers. At that time a permanent site had not been fixed and the classes were carried on in temporary buildings provided by the Government. These buildings were huts that had been used for other purposes, placed in a paddock where stood the old Criminal Court and guarded only by slip-rails to keep out stray cattle.

Tin-Pot Alley

The cells of the old lock-up were converted into a common room for women students, and all the buildings were of such a type that Tin-Pot Alley was the name given to the place where eager young men and women were striving to fit themselves for life.

A site for the university was then chosen at Crawley, on the banks of the beautiful blue waters of the Swan River; but building progressed very slowly owing to lack of money.

One of the keenest advocates of a university for the State was Sir Winthrop Hackett, owner of the West Australian newspaper. In 1916 Sir Winthrop died, leaving all his estate to the university and to the Church of England after certain other payments had been made. In the succeeding ten years the value of his estate increased greatly, and in 1926 the university received under the provisions of the will no less than £425,000.

Influence of Beauty

Sir Winthrop believed very strongly in the influence of beauty, and the Winthrop Hall in the university is a place of wonderful beauty.

At the opening ceremony Miss Patricia Hackett, Sir Winthrop's daughter, made a beautiful speech. She told her audience that she remembered driving with her father in his carriage round by the miserable little buildings where the students were working. He would always stop and talk of how he longed to see them working in suitable surroundings.

"And now," said Miss Hackett, as she stood in this great and beautiful hall, "my father's dream has come true."

EMPIRE SCOUTS

Another step forward has been made toward World Peace.

On Empire Day the 52nd West London Lancaster Gate Scouts were inaugurated as the Empire Group of Scouts.

This group is attached to the Empire Church in London, which is Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, and the boys are trying to establish friendly relations with troops attached to other branches of the Empire Church, of which there are already four. An M.P. has given the troop an embroidered flag.

THINGS SAID

We have not seen our best days.

Gipsy Smith

To play the Game of Life keep sport in its proper place. Dr S. W. Hughes

I have had many dealings with the Press and have never known a confidence violated. Mr Neville Chamberlain

System is nothing—man is everything. Good men will make a good system. Evil men cannot. Nicholas Ignatieff

Last year Little Wittenham became more like Piccadilly Circus than an English village. The Rector

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The Children's Newspaper

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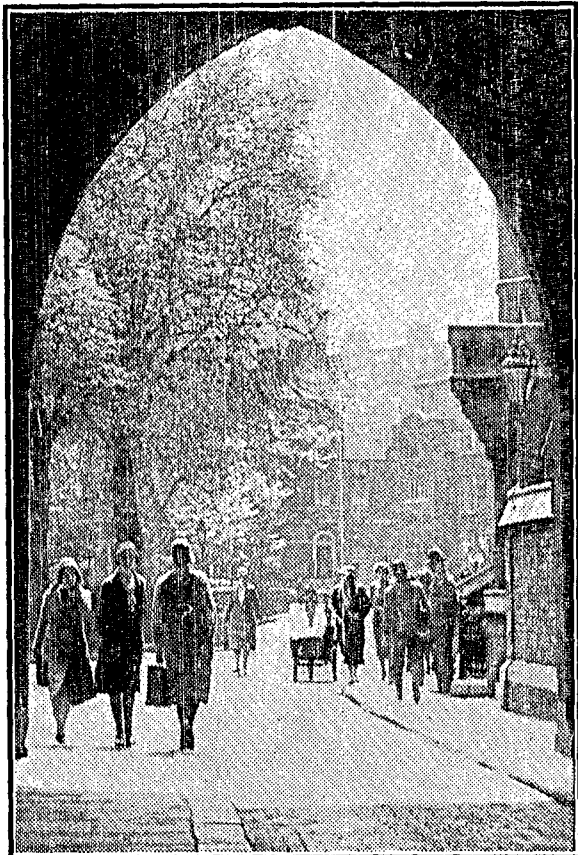
MOUNTAINSIDE PLOUGHING · INSIDE A GAS-HOLDER · PAGEANT OF 1066



Ploughing on a Mountain—In some parts of the Austrian Tyrol peasants have a hard struggle to wring a living from the soil of the mountainsides. This dramatic picture shows a family harnessed to a plough, dragging it over ground where no horse could do the work.



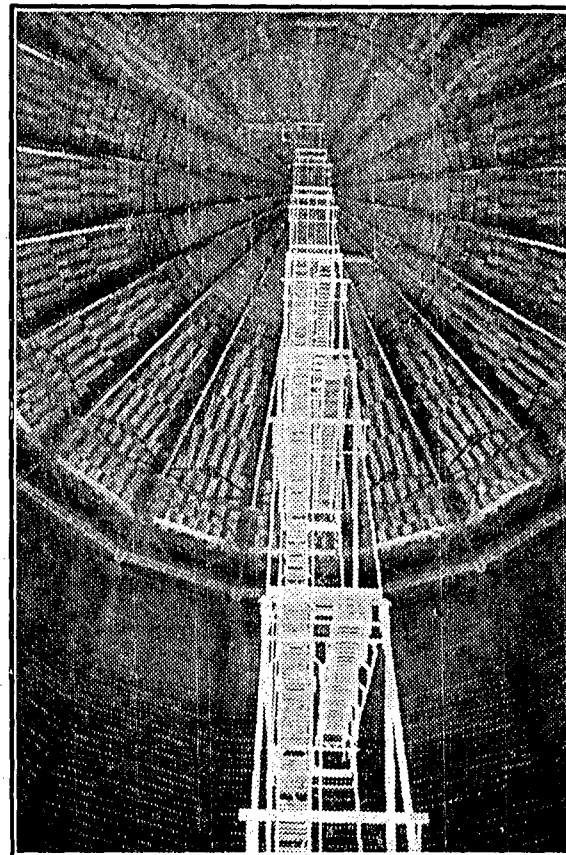
A Page From England's Story—Here are some of the performers in the pageant which is to be presented at Battle Abbey next month. Close to the Abbey walls is the field of Senlac, where William of Normandy defeated Harold in 1066.



Through a London Archway—Something of the charm of London's byways is shown in this glimpse of Dean's Yard, Westminster, on a sunny day.



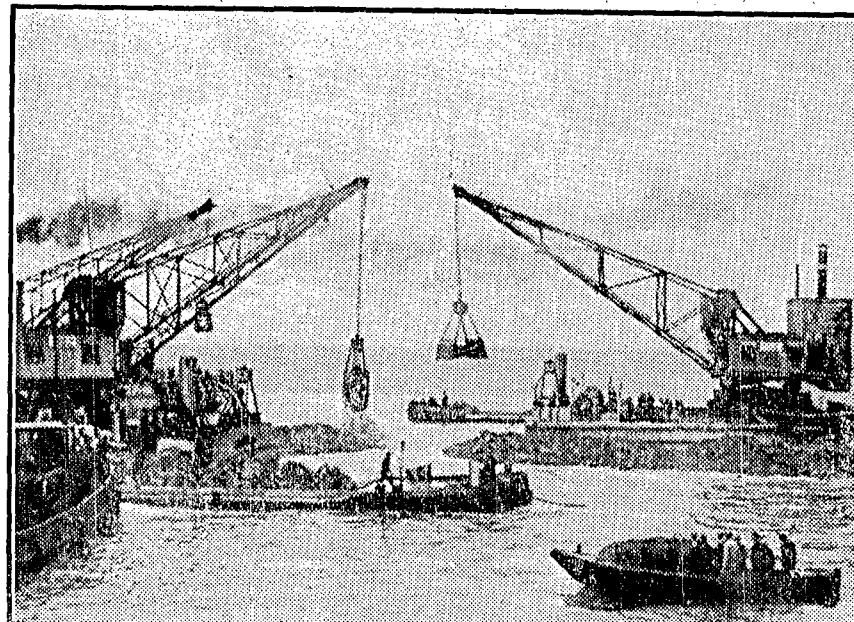
Adventurous Youth—A girl and boy on holiday near Bude in Cornwall find a quick and certain way of getting down a bank.



Where the Gas Comes From—Inside the great gas-holder at Battersea is this collapsible ladder. The gas-holder will contain seven million cubic feet of gas.



Flooded Town—The North and Midlands suffered extensive flooding after the recent heavy rains. Here is a remarkable view of one of the main streets of Derby. See page 7.



Filling the Gap—After twelve years the great dyke between North Holland and Friesland has been completed, thereby turning the Zuyder Zee into a lake. See page one.

THE BOY WHO WENT MARCHING ON

100th YEAR OF A FAMOUS MAN

A Maker of Pictures From the Age of Four

GUSTAVE DORÉ

By Our French Correspondent

Gustave Doré is a name which French people are recalling especially this year, for, although he lived a hundred years ago, there are few French homes where his memory is not cherished.

He was not a hero, he was not an inventor, he was not a scholar; he left nothing to the world but drawings, but these drawings made history so real, they illustrated fables in such a picturesque way, that whoever has seen them cannot forget them.

Born in Strasbourg in 1832 the artist had practically no childhood. If we watch him at the age of four we find a little man surrounded with all kinds of bottles, into which he dips his paint brushes. Nothing makes him happy but phials filled with coloured substances; he amuses the neighbours and they bring him no end of them.

A Queer Procession

Let us now look at him on his fifth birthday. He has drawn a sheet over the wall and is painting on it the portrait of his uncle—from memory. A few years later a queer procession winds along the Strasbourg streets; a boy is driven in a chariot by his friends; he scatters sheets of paper among the onlookers like confetti at a carnival, and all are amazed to find their own faces drawn on them.

Contrary to almost all experience in art Doré had the luck to meet always with masters who understood him.

In time the boy wants to pursue his studies in a large school. His parents are not wealthy, but this will not stop him. He has composed a series of drawings on the works of Hercules; he takes them to a Paris publisher, who pays 5000 francs down for them, enough to carry on his studies for some years.

Support of the Family

At seventeen Doré loses his father and becomes the head of the family. He must support them. Painting is his calling, but it is not in vogue at the time; people are mad on pencil works, so he continues with his pencil. He illustrates Victor Hugo's Legend of Centuries, The Wandering Jew, Perrault's Fairy Tales, Don Quixote; and then he starts his masterpiece, an illustration of the Bible. His inspiration and his rapidity are amazing.

"Which of your pictures do you like best?" they asked him once.

"This one," he answered, pointing to a blank canvas.

Now he is travelling to Belgium. On reaching the frontier he vainly searches for his passport; he has left it behind. An official questions him:

"Your name?"

"Gustave Doré."

"That is to be proved, my man," retorts the Custom house officer, handing him a sheet of paper.

A Passport to Order

The artist takes up the paper and sketches a group of tourists standing about. There is no longer any doubt, and the official is so delighted with the sketch that he offers to exchange it for a passport.

If success favoured Gustave Doré from his earliest age, fate did not grant him a long time to enjoy it; he did not live more than fifty years, half a century of devoted labour. Yet he left many thousands of drawings recalling all epochs of history, all the ages of man. Parents love him for his amazing vividness, children for his wonderful variety, foreigners for his uniqueness. Time can only add to his renown.

THE NEW CRISIS IN GERMANY

A Sudden Change and What May Come of It

CHANCELLOR AND PRESIDENT

In these troubled days of the world it may be that the trouble must grow deeper and become more perplexing still before the future can be clear.

Deeper and more complex have become the troubles of the German people, for the great Chancellor and the great President have come to the parting of the ways.

It had seemed that the recent elections, establishing President Hindenburg and Dr Brüning in power, had given the Republic a new lease of stability. Day and night the Chancellor fought and spoke for the aged President, and all in the end seemed well.

An Internal Crisis

But the hand of the new Government was heavy upon the people, severe economies were felt to be too grievous to be borne, and such internal policies as the threat to reduce pensions and impose new hardship on great landlords have raised issues which have completely changed the situation.

Outside Germany Dr Brüning has the respect of all Europe, and in foreign affairs he has the confidence of his own people. But it is an internal crisis that has arisen at this vital moment, and none can foresee what may come eventually from the unhappy severance between the two heads of the Republic.

Perhaps so sudden and vital an upheaval may bring the politicians of Europe, and especially of France, back to the senses they seem to have lost.

THE GOOD EARL

By a Bishop Who Loved Him

Who would not be proud to deserve this fine tribute, which was paid by the Bishop of London to the memory of Lord Meath at the unveiling of the memorial window in St Paul's on Empire Day, which Lord Meath founded.

There are the figures of a Scout and Guide in the window, each holding a Union Jack, and two panels show children lying sick in hospital and playing in the fields.

I first got to know Lord Meath when I was rector of Bethnal Green (the Bishop said), when he helped me by that useful organisation which he started himself, the Metropolitan Gardens Committee, to turn the derelict and neglected churchyard of the parish church of Bethnal Green into a beautiful little garden for the people. It must have been then that we first made friends, for not many years afterwards he asked me to stay with him in his beautiful place in Ireland, where I really got to know him personally.

This made me realise how much he resembled St Barnabas in his first characteristic of generosity. His wife gave £1000 a year for many years (20 or 30 years) to the East London Church Fund, and many a time I have been down to Ottershaw, where by their generosity and loving care they kept alive for years the Homes connected with another organisation they started, the Ministering Children's League, a successful effort to band together the children of the richer classes to help the children of the poor.

Few men and, let me add, few women (for his wife was heart and soul in all he did), more regularly and more unostentatiously sold what they had and laid it at the Apostle's feet. It was the spirit in which it was all done which constituted the charm of it. Lord Meath was a true father to those children, and not only to them but to younger men who he thought were trying their best to better the condition of the world.

MISSING THE TIDE

Will the Government Answer This Question?

A striking phrase was coined the other day by Mr W. E. Summers in his presidential address to head teachers.

Referring to unemployment in relation to children now leaving school, he spoke of them as missing the tide.

Indeed, there is no sadder side of the unemployment problem in our country today. Week by week passes; girls and boys reach the full school age and seek employment, but too often employment is not to be had. As a consequence many of them become idlers; some of them may never recover from the setback at the very time of life when they require guardianship and induction into the work of the world.

We invite our National Government to contemplate this question and derive from it a fresh spur to endeavour. Why should millions be poured out to pay for idleness when millions might be wisely spent to improve the national framework of the country? We have never yet seen a good answer to this question, and all we can do is to go on asking it.

A MISTAKE ON THE RIGHT SIDE

By a Left-Hander

An American chemist has won a gold medal by making the most of a mistake. The mistake was not his own, but that of a Negro who was slashing a pine tree for the turpentine which flows from it.

An expert cut had to be made. The Negro, who was left-handed, took an axe intended for a right-handed blow and having its cutting edge ground on one side more than the other to suit its special purpose.

The cut he aimed was therefore different in shape from that intended. But the chemist, Dr Herty, who had the trees under observation, found that as a consequence more turpentine was exuding from the pine.

He pursued the inquiry, and at last told the turpentine producers of his discovery. As is not uncommon, they refused at first to believe that such a simple thing could be true. But some consented to try it.

When it had been given a full trial for a year the mistake produced nearly £200,000 more profit.

THE GIRL PIPERS OF DAGENHAM

Stirring tunes were heard in Essex the other day, when eleven Girl Pipers of Dagenham gave a concert of reels, marches, and laments. Not one of these girls, all English and under 13, has ever been in Scotland, but they played so well that their ambition to play in Scotland may well be realised.

It has been the lifelong wish of the Rev J. W. Graves to found a band of Girl Pipers to prove that the bagpipe is as suitable for girls as for boys. When he asked Pipe-Major Douglas-Taylor to help him to train the children, his friend was doubtful, lest the pipe-blowing should be too great a strain for them. But bagpipe practice has developed their lungs and at the same time improved their health.

For months the girls, many of whose fathers are labourers, met every night; then they went to a cottage in the country to try the pipes for the first time. There was a terrible din, but hard work and enthusiasm brought order slowly out of chaos, and each child mastered the instrument.

Then a great day came. Their kilts arrived, with smart velvet jackets, silver buckles, and sporrans. The Girl Pipers are going to play for charity only, and their first aim will be to clear the £500 debt on their new building at Osborne Hall in Dagenham. Picture on page 9

ONE MORE SPLENDID WOMAN

THE FINE LIFE OF LADY GREGORY

Gathering the Stories She Heard in the Cottages

THE IRISH THEATRE

Lady Gregory, the brilliant playwright and poet and the mother of the Irish theatre, has finished her lifework.

She was one of seven sisters, and the fairest of them all in intellect and imagination.

While still a child she loved and appreciated the Irish people. So much was she thrilled by the stories they told her that she learned Gaelic in order to understand them. Little Augusta Persse, as she was, used to go from cottage to cottage among her father's tenants. With eyes alight with wonder she would listen by the hour to fairy stories and legends of saints.

Soon she began to write down the tales she heard, and then the idea came to her of making them into plays which could be acted by the peasants and by their children.

A Dream Come True

In 1880 Augusta married Sir William Gregory, at one time Governor of Ceylon. After his death she went back to Galway and spent her time in writing. By now the new movement in the literature and drama of Ireland was growing steadily in importance.

One wet day in the nineties she and her poet cousin W. B. Yeats sat talking. What a pity it was, she said, that there was no Irish theatre where Irish plays could be performed. Yeats told her such a theatre had always been his dream.

Together they set to work to make the dream come true, and they founded the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, where, in the last year of the 19th century, the first performance of the Irish Players took place. There was a fine combination of the qualities needed to give an impetus to the new Anglo-Irish literature, written in English with a Gaelic idiom, which was invented by Lady Gregory and given the name of the Kiltartan dialect. We have not room to tell of the difficulties she and her cousin fought and overcame until at last the theatre was permanently established. Since then its fame has become worldwide, and it has given inspiration to poets and dramatists of many nations.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Lady Gregory enriched Irish literature by her prose and dramatic writings. More than twenty of her plays have been produced at the Abbey Theatre. In most of her work is to be found spirited dialogue, delightful humour, and a feeling of spacious environment, of paths leading over the hills and far away, and of people living in strange and remote countries.

At her beautiful home in Coole Park, Galway, where she died, Lady Gregory kept for many years an open door for Irish poets and artists, and her kindly interest helped many of them to fine achievements. Her only son, an artist of much promise, was one of the fine men destroyed by the war.

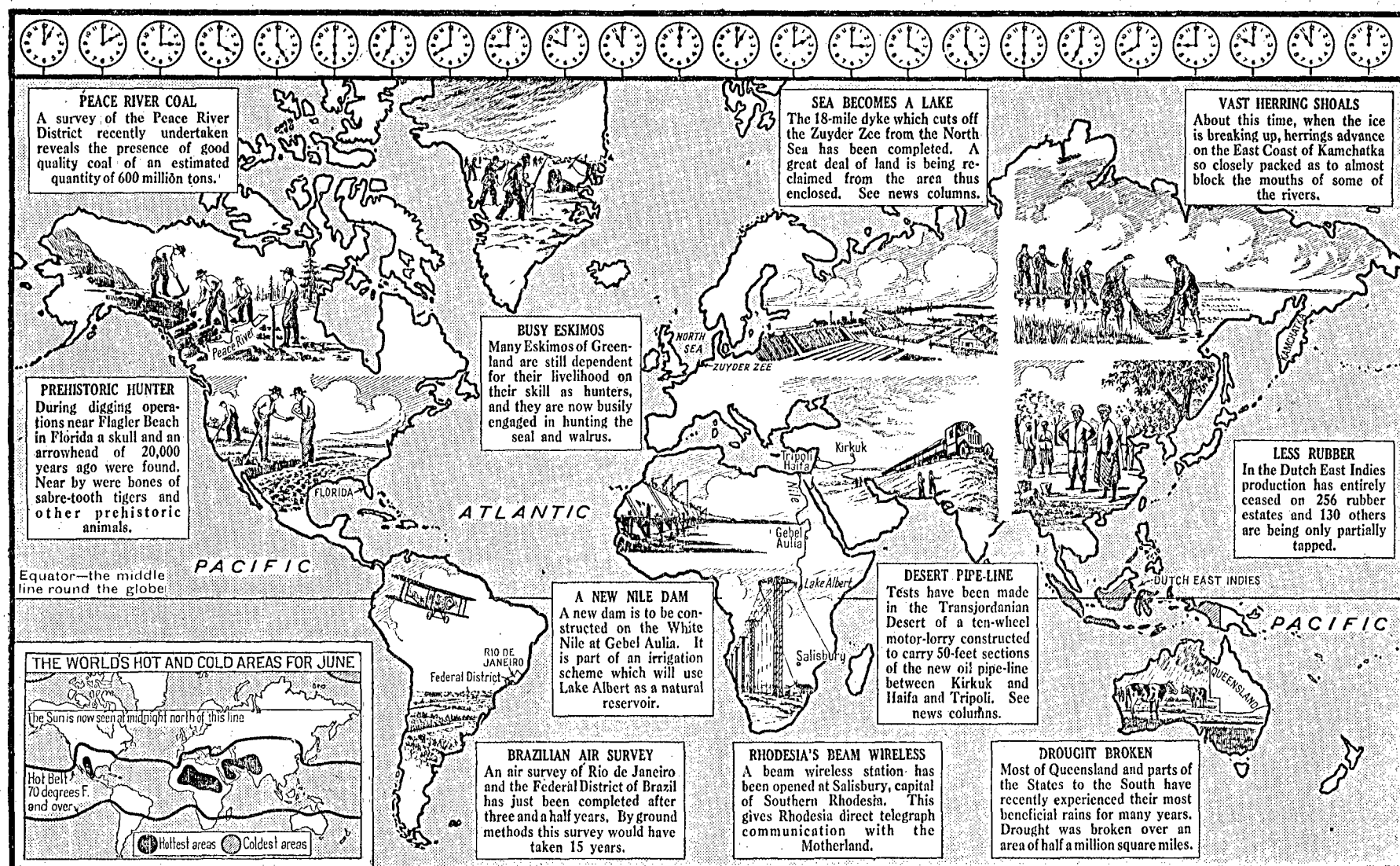
WORLD RELIEF

Why Not Public Works?

The International Labour Office has done good service in drawing attention to the urgent need throughout the world for developing schemes of public works in relief of unemployment.

The Office also suggests a world conference to consider the problem of international trade and production, and it accompanies this with the grave reminder that the world has now 25 million idle men.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE MARTIN AND THE BUTTERFLY

What a delicate thing is the beak of a bird!

The other day a friend of the C.N. saw a martin pursued by two others wanting to rob him of something white which he carried in his bill. To and fro they swooped, until the first doubled low past some bushes and the others lost him. Then, quite close to the watching mortal, he released the white thing from his bill. It was a butterfly, which fluttered away apparently unharmed.

Why the bird let his prey go is a mystery, but it is a still greater mystery that he should have been able to keep a firm hold of the butterfly all through the chase without doing any harm to those delicate wings.

HOME-MADE BY B.P.

It is very clever of Mother to make that excellent cottage pie from scraps; but she must not be too proud of herself. Men can do wonderful things with scraps.

The other day the Chief Scout gave a luncheon to old comrades who were with him at Mafeking, and in the room was a model of a famous gun made during the siege. It was contrived from a steam pipe and old railings; and it worked.

We do not think the cleverest woman can beat that; but we are glad our friend B.P. is making men today instead of guns.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES

One thing leads to another, and our news in a recent C.N. that Hungary had invented rubber horseshoes has resulted in a piece of little-known information which has been sent to us by a reader.

All the King's horses in our own Royal stables have been rubber-shod for years.

It is believed that the only thing which prevents this ideal footgear for horses being adopted universally is the expense; but perhaps this difficulty will be overcome.

THE RAILWAY QUEEN AT MARGATE

Patria Clark is 13 and the youngest of Britain's Railway Queens.

A few days ago, when the Mayor and Mayoress opened the new Municipal Library in Margate, she was chosen to perform the opening ceremony of the Juvenile Library.

In the new reading-room she formally placed the first copy of the C.N., already a friend of many years standing at the old library. She also issued the first book to the daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress of Margate, and presented contributions to the Library from several kind donors.

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN

Summer is a-coming in, and the League of Arts has brought out a programme for this year that is more attractive than ever.

If the natural amphitheatre in Hyde Park is not packed with spectators on Saturday afternoons and evenings in June and July we shall be surprised.

The entertainments started on June 4, with a Midsummer Masque of Old Chelsea in 1638. On July 16 there will be a performance of The Geste of Robin Hood, a mime with music. Dances of all times and nations and Country Folk Dance parties, for both grown-ups and children, are other items which should not be missed.

GOOD NEWS FROM RUMANIA

If the world's future is bound up in the race between education and destruction Rumania is likely to come out on the winning side.

For the first time in her history she has voted more money for the Ministry of Public Instruction than for the Ministry of War.

The Finance Minister reports that in the Budget recently passed 21 million lei more are allotted to pay teachers than to pay soldiers.

A HOSPITAL DOES A KIND THING

We like the way of celebrating Empire Day chosen by the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital.

The Committee decided that, beginning on May 24, the out-patient, X-ray, electrical, and massage departments would be open from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

This is for the benefit of workers who cannot attend at the usual hours.

The hospital wants to make a stitch in time to save nine. Workers do not like to ask for time off when they have only some minor foot trouble; yet much suffering and deformity might be saved if these apparently minor troubles were checked at the start.

A LONG PIPE

What is the longest pipe in the world? It is hard to imagine that there can be a longer one than the pipe which is to run from Kirkuk for 1500 miles.

This pipe-line is to carry oil from the new field at Kirkuk to Haditha, where the line will fork, one branch going to Tripoli the other to Haifa.

The pipe will be made up of steel joints about 50 feet long, and special lorries are being made in London and Watford to carry them. With their ten wheels and their flexibility the lorries will look like giant caterpillars moving across the desert; but every caterpillar will be capable of hauling ten tons over some of the worst country in the world.

See World Map

RAILWAY LINES AS TELEGRAPH WIRES

The success of experiments made last year on the German national railways has led to the adoption of a general service. Passengers on any fast train can now send a telegram of not more than fourteen words which, on being handed to the guard, can be wired from the train while in motion.

ONE OF WELLINGTON'S MEN

He received his commission from the Duke of Wellington—from the Iron Duke who defeated Napoleon—and he is one of the handsomest men in the world today.

Sir Fitzroy Maclean has just had his 97th birthday, and we have seen a photograph of him with his fine head held high, and a row of medals, some won in the Crimea, on his breast below the plaid.

He has been a brave soldier and a student of Highland lore and President of the League of Mercy. All these things have left their mark on the old chieftain's face.

There is not a hero of stage or screen who would not suffer by comparison with that strong countenance.

Many happy returns to the man who received his commission from the Iron Duke in 1852.

It was Wellington's last year.

THE DUCK'S NEST

A correspondent was in Kensington Gardens not long ago when a tree was climbed in order to free a model aeroplane from a branch.

The boy climber suddenly stopped at about 18 feet from the ground and cried "A duck's nest!" The crowd was amused and incredulous: until a duck actually flew from a fork in the trunk!

Whereupon the boy carefully took out four eggs one after the other in proof of his word!

Many interesting questions were then raised, such as: how does the duck propose to get her young babies to the water? And how does she get safe landing on such a precarious perch with such awkward feet?

We have heard of a duck's nest in a tree before, for the C.N. told the story of one in the beautiful Dulwich Park some years ago.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 11

1932

A Little Bird and Parliament

A POOR man has lately been fined a few shillings at a London police court for keeping a goldfinch in a cage just over four inches deep and about eight inches long.

The man explained that the bird had been a present to him and he had never kept one before. Apparently he did not realise how cruel he had been, although the poor creature had broken its leg and completely destroyed its tail and wing feathers.

We suggest to Members of Parliament, especially to Members of this Parliament which has yet to justify its name of National, that it is high time a Bill was framed to prevent altogether the keeping of wild birds in small cages. A bird such as a goldfinch, a naturally shy and wild creature, has to be what is called "steadied" to become fit for cage life, which simply means that its spirit is broken. The cruelty in the case of blackbirds and larks is even greater; yet one frequently sees such creatures advertised for sale and warranted to sing by gaslight. These are tortures which should be finally abolished among us.

There is, of course, no necessity for a man or woman who wants the company of a bird to keep, or to try to keep, a wild one. There are many varieties of the domesticated canary; and it seems wicked that anyone should try to imprison a goldfinch when they can buy a bird born to cage life. Even here, however, we enter a plea that no bird should be kept a solitary prisoner, even if it is a canary. If a man has not sufficient sense and skill to make for himself a cage big enough for a canary to use its wings in he had better turn his mind to postage stamps or some other hobby in which cruelty is impossible.

The great majority of the cages sold in the shops are quite unfit for the caging even of a domestic canary; and it is really surprising, when so little skill is required to make a suitable cage, that people should buy such stupid contraptions. We should like to see Parliament enact that no bird whatever, even a domesticated one, should be kept in a cage less than 30 inches long. Those who cannot find room for a cage of that length can easily solve the problem by not keeping a bird at all.

Another point too often forgotten by those who keep birds is that they are often put out in bright sunlight, confined in tiny cages. This is a terrible torture for the bird; in Nature no bird exposes itself for long to the heat of the Sun.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Cooking Pots

How complicated are our meals today, compared with the days when the first settlers went to live in New England!

Then all the cooking for the family was done in a great iron pot.

It would be strange in these days if a man left in his will his saucepans or his stove; but the early settlers looked upon their iron pots as heirlooms. In an old will we have just been reading of a man who left his Bible and his big iron pot to his eldest son, with a proviso that the widow should be allowed to use the iron pot in her lifetime.

Mother of Men

DURING the World War there was once a woman who worked in a munition factory.

Her job had to do with bombs for the Air Force. She was young. Her husband was at the front, but, as she was earning good money at the factory, she felt comparatively happy with her little boy. She worked and thought of her child and let the world go by.

But one day a thought came to her like a flash of lightning, as clearly as if it had been painted on the wall in front of her. She cried out: "Now I stop; I cannot make weapons to kill the children of other women."

"But our war is a just war," said her neighbours.

"I do not know if a war can ever be just," she replied. "I only know that I can make no more munitions."

From the A B C of the Peace Movement, by Anna T. Nilsson

The Good House

THE school should be an introduction to life, and all things that concern life are the concern of the school. Here we wish to mention one thing which a correspondent thinks is too often forgotten.

We all live in houses of some sort, good or bad. Every child should learn what a house should be like, why it should have a certain relation to the Sun, why it should have ventilation, why it should be well-sewered, why and how labour can be saved in it, and what are the best ways to achieve these things. As building goes on everywhere it can easily be made part of the education of every child to be taken to see building operations which may be practically explained.

These things done, the children, when they grow up to need homes for themselves, would be prepared to look for proper accommodation, understanding its essentials. Also, it may be added, they are likely to become better citizens because they will demand better homes, healthier homes, and more beautiful homes.

A Voice in Fleet Street

How long does it take for a scientific possibility to become a fact?

It is now a year since we heard that science had found a way of silencing the terrible pneumatic drills; yet walking down Fleet Street while they were working the other day we could not hear Lord Beaverbrook speaking.

The Rainbow

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man,

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth

Tip-Cat

A MOTORIST thinks pedestrians should look out for themselves. Sometimes they don't even get a look in.

A WELL-KNOWN Judge has become a vegetarian. He believes in change but no chop.

It is amazing how some young people manage to come to the front. But there is usually someone behind them.

THE young generation carries itself less gracefully than its grandparents did. And when very young expects to be carried.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the tailor has his work cut out

Epstein could do them in a week?

A CELEBRATED motorist wants to turn into an airman. Hope he doesn't hurt him.

MODERN man is said to be getting taller. He is high enough already in his own estimation.

ALL cars have shortcomings, declares an expert. You find them out in the long run.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

EVERY Saturday night the Boy Scouts of Ripley, Yorkshire, clear up the litter in their village.

THE National Debt has been reduced by £107,000,000 in four years.

GIRL GUIDE pennies on the Foundling Site one night produced £39 toward buying the site.

JUST AN IDEA

Nothing is worse than everlasting doubt. To do anything we must believe in something.

A Prayer For Each One of Us

JESUS, suffering Servant
I like Thee would be,
Share in Thy great loving
Of humanity.

WHEN Thy Spirit riseth
Secretly within,
Teach me that to crush it
Is a deadly sin.

DEADLY, not by reason
Of a wrath in Thee,
But because it breaketh
Off Thy Life in me.

AND a branch thus broken
Cannot ever bear
Fruits to save the famished
From their soul's despair.

YET Thou canst revive me,
Reunite my bough,
Jesus, Life Eternal,
Rise within me now.

Rosa Hobhouse

The Duke's Last Battles

MR GUEDALLA's Life of Wellington has been out a long time, but it is still a book that is being widely read.

It is a pleasant picture which Mr Guedalla gives us of the Duke in the evening of his life.

He lived most of his time at Walmer by the Kentish sea, and was a most friendly neighbour, especially to little children. If visitors with children stayed near by they found themselves, without knowing why, invited to dinner at the castle. His life was full of children. They made havoc of his breakfast, played hide-and-seek with him along the ramparts, and bombarded him with cushions in the drawing-room.

Mr Guedalla tells how the Duke had always been fond of children in the East. When his own sons were in the nursery he, alas! had to be fighting in Spain, but in his later years he loved nothing better than to have children with him.

Visitors used to be surprised to find an old gentleman on all-fours under the dining-table, the Conqueror of Waterloo romping with children among the crumbs. One famous man was a little shocked to hear him described by a little girl as *Dukey*.

When evening came the pillow-fight in the drawing-room at Walmer was the usual order of proceeding. It began with an attack on him when a cushion was hurled through his newspaper. It was known as the Battle of Waterloo. The Duke had probably more delight in this than in other battles. And the children remembered their battles.

Once a little girl on the Deal steam-boat told how she had had a pillow-fight with the Duke, and a fellow-traveller told her seriously not to romance. But she was not romancing.

There will always be a place for the Duke in English story; but we should not have the whole Duke if we did not see him fighting his last battles with pillows and cushions in the castle at Walmer.

June 11, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

7

SOMETHING FOR IDLE MEN TO DO NATURE REMINDS US

Why Not Stop Our Rivers From Flooding Our Houses?

PARLIAMENT TALKS A LITTLE MORE

After the floods which put town and country of the North and Midlands under water in May the Bentley district near Doncaster had about 2500 people who were homeless.

Last September, when floods swept down the same valleys of the Don and Dearne Rivers, Bentley had 1500 homeless, who were added to the millions unemployed in the kingdom.

The numbers of unemployed were about the same when the May floods returned to add to them in the collieries about Sheffield and Barnsley, and at Worksop in Nottinghamshire, and at the same time to do immense damage in Derby, Leicester, in the Thames Valley, and at Stratford-on-Avon.

After 2000 Years

Even Parliament was startled into looking into the matter. The Minister of Health told the House of Commons that the land drainage authorities were considering measures to prevent similar floods in the future. The Ministry of Agriculture would give what assistance it could.

But the Department whose assistance it is even more necessary to ask is that of the Ministry of Labour. The floods arise from rivers which are not properly embanked and are fed by tributary streams which are not properly weeded or dredged. When an inch or two inches of rain falls in 24 or 36 hours the rivers cannot carry the flood water away, and it rapidly spreads over the land by their channels.

There is nothing new in that. The same thing has been happening in England for 2000 years, and happening at all times of the year, from January to December. But it always takes our "authorities" by surprise.

The Usual Excuse

They will be considering remedial measures to stop the next flood but one when the next flood arrives.

If blamed for their inactivity and sloth the authorities say they have no money with which to undertake the public works which would prevent the floods or lessen the damage they do to land and buildings.

While that is true of some local authorities, it is not true of all, and it is not true of the nation. There is an Ouse Drainage Board which levies rates as far as Cambridge for its work. But it still leaves the upper Cam in the same state of happy-go-lucky weediness that it was in before the war. The only organised effort to dredge this river was made when there were German prisoners in the neighbourhood. They did the work very thoroughly, but the war ended before they could complete it and the river was allowed to return to its ancient ways. We had not brains enough to carry on in peace the work we began in war.

A National Problem

What the German prisoners did some of the unemployed could do, not in Cambridgeshire merely, but wherever for similar or other causes our rivers overflow in times of heavy rain. The occurrence of floods is so widespread in England that it ceases to be a local problem; it is a national one, like that of the Unemployed.

Why not take remedial measures to make one serious problem help to solve the other?

QUEEN NEFERTITI'S LAST FRIEND

QUEEN NEFERTITI, the lovely Asiatic princess who wedded a Pharaoh, was buried in Egypt, yet can never die or be forgotten.

Her portrait head looks on us with mysterious, unseeing eyes from many a shop window. We should spare a thought for the generous old German who gave the original of it to the Berlin Museum. He should not be forgotten, for he was a great giver.

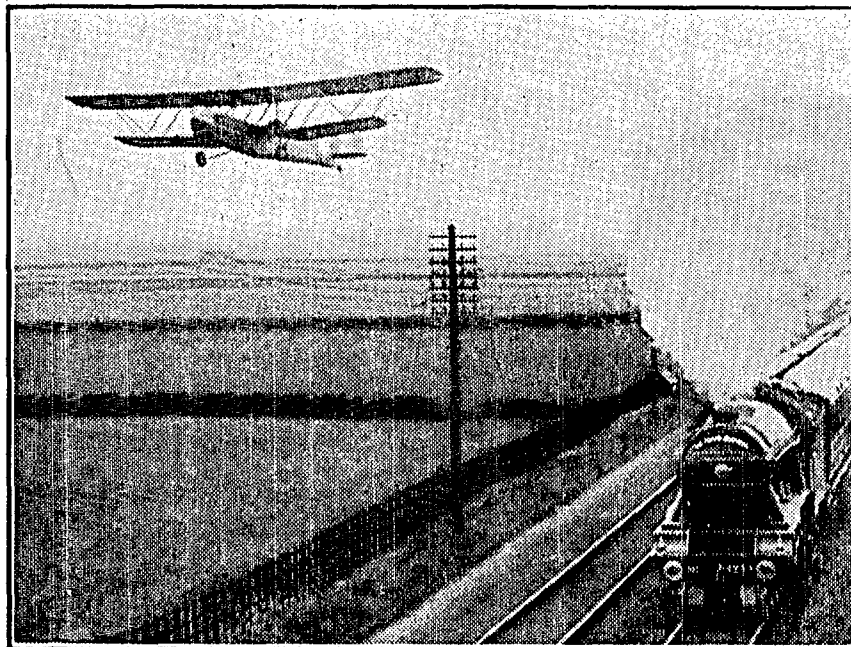
All his collections he gave away. They are said to have been worth a

million pounds. But he lived frugally in a small flat, seeing only a few intimate friends. He was a poor old man of 82 when he died, rich only in having loved beautiful things and in having made others see their beauty.

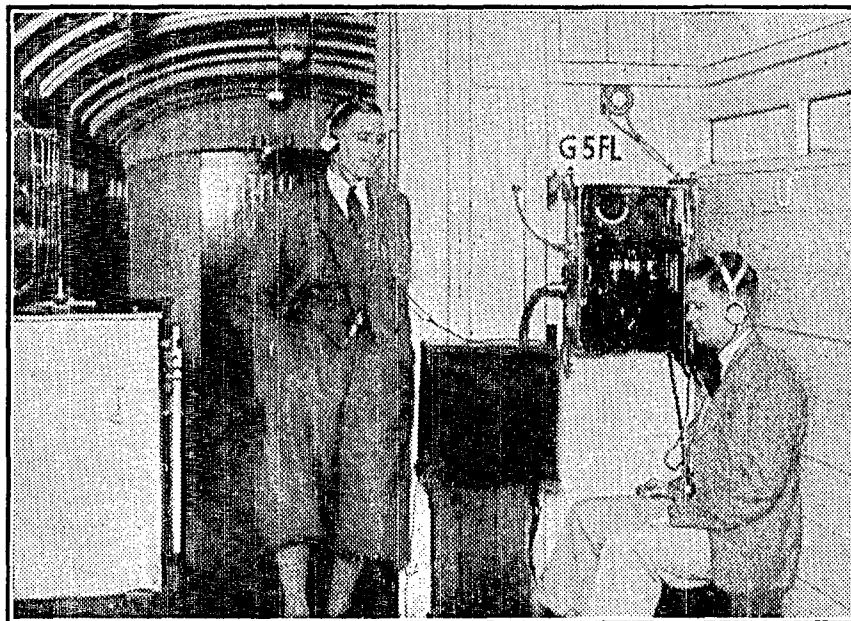
We should like to think that a little immortality would descend on him from the recollection that he once owned and prized and gave away the immortal head of Nefertiti.

Of him might be written in the words of the old epitaph, What I gave I have.

WIRELESS LINK FOR TRAIN AND PLANE



The air liner Hercules overtakes the Flying Scotsman



The wireless apparatus in the train

Interesting experiments in wireless telephone conversation between train and plane have been carried out on the journey from London to Scotland. An Imperial Airways 40-seater machine and the Flying Scotsman were in communication while travelling at high speed.

A GREAT LIBRARY Digging It Out

Digging is being actively pursued in the ruins of Herculaneum near Vesuvius. The work is very difficult, because Herculaneum was overwhelmed in a stream of molten lava, while Pompeii was only buried in ashes.

However, as far back as 1750, in the Villa of Calpurnius Piso, about 1500 manuscripts were found. Some 300 of these still remain to be deciphered. The lava stream would have burned them up if it had reached them; it must have passed over them.

There are still some halls of the library to be dug out, and Professor Majuri hopes to make some good finds there. The King of Italy is greatly interested; he makes personal visits to the tunnels under the town of Resina, under which Herculaneum lies buried.

NOT YET TEN The Story of Jean Gourdon

Little Jean Gourdon lives with his parents, who are lock-keepers on the canal at Fleurey-sur-Ouches. He is not yet ten. He was only seven when his sister fell into the water and he succeeded in saving her.

Last year a little girl of the neighbourhood fell into the canal; her name is Charlotte Berthon. After great efforts, and at the risk of his own life, Jean Gourdon succeeded in getting her out of the water. Quite recently a boy of 13, Marcel Rey, was on the towing-path on a bicycle; he, too, fell into the canal. Jean Gourdon again risked his life in fishing him out.

It is the Carnegie Foundation which has just awarded a medal and a savings-bank book of £20 to Jean for his courage and skill in emergencies.

THE CRAG RATS 27 MEN OF HOOD RIVER A New Band of Knights For the Mountain Heights

READY FOR THE PEAKS

Twelve years ago a Hood River lumberman had an idea. Today a body of 27 men can be called out at a moment's notice to scale the dangerous peaks of the Great North-West of the United States to rescue travellers in peril of their lives.

Mr A. L. Anderson was the man with the idea. He noticed that blizzard or avalanche or crevasse took its toll in the wild mountains almost every month in the year. The newspapers ran horrible accounts of the tragedies; amateur search parties set out to search for the victims in a spasmodic and quite ineffective way; but apart from a few forest rangers there was no one to turn to for aid.

What is needed is a band of trained mountaineers vowed to go at a moment's notice to wrest their grim secrets from Mount Hood, Mount St Helen's, Mount Rainier, or any of their lesser brethren. These men should have the proper equipment always in readiness; they should be always in training to battle with their formidable adversaries, and should pass severe tests to prove their fitness for the task.

The Qualifications

Mr Anderson knew that this was a good idea, and so for six years he clung to it, until he found a handful of men willing to join him in his great undertaking, which is something like the work of King Arthur's knights or the monks at the Hospice of Grand St Bernard.

These men call themselves Crag Rats. No one can be a Crag Rat unless he has scaled two high and difficult mountains of the region, is perfectly at home on snow-shoes and skis, and can use an ice-axe effectively. Any man with the right qualifications may join, no matter what his nationality, religion, or profession; but applications for membership are not considered. The Crag Rats watch the mountain-lovers of the region, and the quiet, persistent ones who seem to them to have the qualities of character which the work demands they ask to join. It is a great honour, because it is a great responsibility.

Some of the Rescues

Not much is known about the rescues they make, for not all are reported. But among the greater disasters which prompted Anderson to organise this group they make on an average six rescues a year. Often they are out six or seven days in search of the missing. Calvin White was lost for a week before he was found; the disappearance of the boy Jackie Strong kept the Rats on their crags for six days in terrific weather. They arrived only in the nick of time. On another occasion a party of ten fell into a deep crevasse, and nine were rescued alive by spectacular skill.

Every Crag Rat has to arrange for some friend to be ever ready to carry on his trade or profession when he is called out to defy the elements. Be he banker, farmer, doctor, electrician, or lumberman, he must be ready night and day to leave his ordinary occupation to save those in peril on the peaks.

DONCASTER'S GOOD IDEA

The authorities of Doncaster Art Gallery have adopted the scheme of circulating collections of pictures.

The inhabitants first of all subscribe toward the purchase of a water-colour. This picture is lent to each subscriber for one month. At the end of the rota of circulation the work comes to its final place among the permanent collections of the Gallery, while it is replaced in each home by the succeeding chain of pictures.

TRUTH STRONGER THAN FICTION

The Blind Man's Handicap

It seems that, though joy or sorrow may be written on the faces of the blind, they cannot pretend.

That is what the French Doctor Dumas told the Academy of Medicine; and the simple explanation he offered was that the blind cannot tell how they look. The ordinary person can call up a smile of pleasure when congratulating his opponent on the other side of the tennis net because he feels that the on-lookers expect it of him; but the blind man, if such an experience could befall him, would not know how to look.

The same thing happens with any emotion the blind may feel. Fear may attack them and they look afraid; anger may seize them and their faces grow white or red and their brows gather into a frown. But they do not know it, and cannot repeat the signs they cannot see.

It is what we should expect when we remember the pathetically blank faces of the blind, and it would be hard to say whether the absence of such powers of simulation is a compensation or not. One of their disabilities is shared by others more fortunate than themselves. No one can control a blush. Cheeks redden or pale by themselves, and no one, except the silly young women who paint them, can control them.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS HORN

A Note From Alfred's England

The problem of the traveller and his horn is not so recent as we are apt to think in these motoring days; it was a question of much moment even in the time of Alfred, and involved far severer penalties for the delinquent than those now.

The Minister of Transport has been studying the laws of England on transport questions, and when he got right back to their beginning he found this ordinance signed by Alfred in the year 700.

If a far coming man or a stranger, journeying through a wood or highway, neither shouts nor blows his horn, he is to be held a thief and either slain or redeemed.

We hope this does not foreshadow an increase in the compulsory blowing of the motor-horn; we would rather that our Transport Minister took a course in music and compelled the manufacturers of horns to remove the harsh stridency from their notes and give us something nearer the sound of the old English horn.

ALVA STRA ITSELF AGAIN

Alvastra, in southern Sweden, has just come into its own again.

Here a great monastery was built in 1100. In medieval days the monks of Alvastra were not only great scholars but great statesmen. The kings of Sweden used them for political embassies, and they had a finger in most pies.

But 400 years ago the people of Sweden became converted to the Lutheran faith. Crowds marched to Alvastra and turned out the monks. Furniture and plate were carried away; even stones were taken for building a castle at Vadstena. Since then only birds have sung their hymns at Alvastra.

Lately, however, scholars have been to see what was left of the once famous monastery among the tall trees. They have cut away brambles and weeds and dug up the soil which covered the old halls. What they found was splendid work by stone-carvers and masons of 800 years ago. So they have turned Alvastra into a beautiful garden, from which the great pillars and arches rise with all their old magnificence.

Sweden will never be allowed to forget Alvastra again.

THE DOG DETECTIVE

Keeping the Birds Out of the Pie

The other day a police dog was presented with a golden collar, a poem, and a parcel of meat.

The suitors of Portia wasted much time in choosing between three caskets, but the police dog knew at once which of the three offerings he preferred.

His name is Prince; he is an Alsatian; and he belongs to an Austrian police station. It is illegal to snare wild birds in Austria, and 47 times has Prince smelled out a bird-catcher. He appears to have an extraordinary capacity for scenting birdlime.

The Vienna Society for the Protection of Animals has given him a golden collar inscribed "To the protector of wood birds." His policemen friends are very proud of it, and they liked the poem which a little girl read to Prince at the presentation; but the hero of the occasion remained unmoved till the child handed him the parcel of meat.

The occasion was the society's annual meeting. Many rewards were given to human beings who had rescued animals from fire, or drowning, or steep places; but Prince was the only hero to be addressed in verse. This four-footed detective has saved hundreds of song birds from going into a pie or a cage, and he deserved the tribute.

THE SCIENTISTS SAIL THEIR BOATS

What They Find Out From Small Models

In the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington they have been sailing model ships.

Scientists have been trying to measure the resistances which certain steamers present to the wind, and with small-scale replicas accurate calculations have been made for the first time. It was difficult to record the little resistances which the super-structures of model ships offered to the air, so they were towed across the tank upside-down. As the water resistances were greater they could be measured and compared more easily, and after this had been done it was not difficult to calculate the air pressures.

Experiments showed that in the case of a certain oil-tanker of modern design a little alteration of the super-structure would result in a saving of 420 horsepower against a 40-knot wind. This is equivalent to a daily saving of four tons of oil, or more than £400 on a voyage of three weeks.

A model of a famous Atlantic liner showed that 2000 horse-power could be saved, representing 20 tons of oil a day, or £500 on a single voyage.

The experiments have also shown that economies can be effected in improving the steering of vessels by placing the centre of wind resistance farther back in the ship.

LITTER LOOTS PLEASE BLUSH

If the Litter Lout does not blush when he hears the story of Lad, a New Zealand pug dog, there is no hope for him.

A party of children one day went for a picnic lunch on the beach near Oamaru; afterwards they saw Lad working hard some distance away. He was trying to bury something, and, eager to find out what it was, they went nearer.

Beside the dog was a little heap of eggshells and fruit-peelings which had been left uncovered by some of the thoughtless younger members of the party, and he was industriously pushing and scraping in the sand with his blunt, black nose until he had made a hole big enough to bury the litter, a task he accomplished in the efficient manner of the Boy Scout or Girl Guide.

AN OLD LADY'S WAY

Be Kind To Your Horse

There are many ways of doing things. Here is one old lady's way of getting something done.

She lives in France, and if she sees a brutal carter ill-treating his horse she hurries up to him and, with a pleasant smile, she says: "Pardon, sir, why are you so cruel?"

"Because I am angry with the stupid beast!" is the usual answer she receives.

Then the old lady throws herself on her knees in front of the carter and shouts to him: "Coward! Whip me, and not the horse!"

The carter is quite taken aback when the old lady strikes this attitude; and as a crowd of people quickly assembles to see what is happening he soon feels ashamed of himself and the horse is saved from further cruelty.

For her courage in stopping cruelty in this way this dear old lady was decorated the other day at a meeting of the French Society for the Protection of Horses.

Another medal was given to a carter of Jouy-en-Josas for his humane treatment of his horse. His kindness was made up of the following ingredients: Gentle talk, good food, no whip, and a nice hot drink when the horse has a cold.

MORE AND MORE SHEEP

New Zealand's Flock Grows Bigger

Only 90 years ago the first settlers in New Zealand were starting sheep farming with a few hundred sheep brought from the older-settled colony of New South Wales. Now there are thirty million sheep in New Zealand.

In the first 20 years the number of sheep had increased from a few hundred to 2,750,000. That was in 1861. Ten years later, in 1871, there were ten million sheep, and the numbers have been getting bigger and bigger each year.

At first the New Zealand sheep farmers could only shear their sheep and send the bales of wool to England by sailing ships that took three months to get here. Then, fifty years ago, the secret of freezing meat was discovered, and the farmers were able to send frozen mutton as well. Last year New Zealand supplied half the lamb and mutton that Britain imported, twice as much as either Australia or South America.

SCISSORS AND NEEDLES

A cartoon has appeared in a Swiss newspaper in two halves.

The left-hand half shows President Wilson, Mr Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau armed with great scissors busily engaged in cutting up a big map of Europe.

The right-hand half shows Mr MacDonald, M. Tardieu, and Signor Grandi sewing these pieces together again.

The scissors were at work in 1919; the needles and thread in 1932. The two operations are only 13 years apart. We are being driven to the use of needle and thread by the disastrous effects of the use of the scissors.

THE BIRDS AFRAID

Seagulls are again making their nests on the Bluff Hill Cliffs at Napier, New Zealand, which they deserted for a year following the disastrous earthquake of February, 1931, which laid the town of Napier in ruins.

The cliffs had been their nesting-place for many years, but when the earthquake came and the cliffs began to slip into the sea they took fright, and until recently were afraid to return.

Early this year they appeared to be gaining confidence, for large numbers of sea birds were to be seen exploring the cliffs for suitable nesting-places.

CLOTHING A BARE ROAD

The Guides Give Us Trees

There used to be a very bare stretch of road on the way from Chester to the Welsh coast.

Now it bids fair to become one of the most charming stretches of highway in the island, for the Denbighshire Girl Guides have planted an avenue of double-pink flowering cherry trees along it.

Next autumn the Guides will be tree-planting along many public high roads. They will be celebrating the 21st birthday of the Guide movement by giving a present to all the wayfarers of these islands. Some people expect to get presents on a birthday; Guides expect to give them instead.

The Guides wanted £70,000 for their headquarters. They might have asked the public for it as a 21st birthday present, but it is against the rules of the movement to ask for things. So they set about earning it three years ago, and now the money is ready. On the top of that they are giving the high roads of England a living beauty.

The other day the newspapers quoted a preacher who said that the youth of this generation was pagan and without religion. We are glad to know that he was wrong. He had forgotten the great strength of the Scout and Guide movements, whose very spirit is the Christian faith that *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

LOST AND FOUND

The Balloon and the Big Drum

Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

So wrote Robert Browning. It is true that rare things have a strange way of vanishing. He was writing about a little book in which Raphael had written a hundred poems in praise of his lady. After she died Guido Reni treasured the book; then he died, and it disappeared.

Well, it is fairly easy to lose a little book, but we cannot quite imagine how anyone could mislay a balloon. Nevertheless that happened to the famous balloon Ville D'Orléans.

During the Siege of Paris in 1870 the balloon was sent up with important documents for the French Cabinet, which was then sitting at Tours.

It was intended to keep such a historic relic very carefully. But suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

Punch knew a bandsman who lost the big drum. It turned up again, and now the balloon has turned up in a loft in one of the museums of Oslo.

The gondola, which is only about nine feet by nine, is fairly well preserved, but not much of the cover is left.

La Ville D'Orléans will not be allowed to vanish again.

SEARCHLIGHT SIGNALS

Signals which cast beams of red or green light that can be seen in the brightest sunshine are in operation on certain sections of the L.M.S. main line between Derby and Birmingham. To a certain extent they are operated by the trains themselves.

The all-clear or the danger signal is set electrically from the signal-box, but until the train reaches a point on the rails where there are some electric contacts the light does not operate. This point is, of course, some distance before the searchlight signals are reached, so that immediately the train makes contact the red or green light is seen to flash some distance ahead.

The light is extinguished by another contact made by the train some distance beyond the signals.

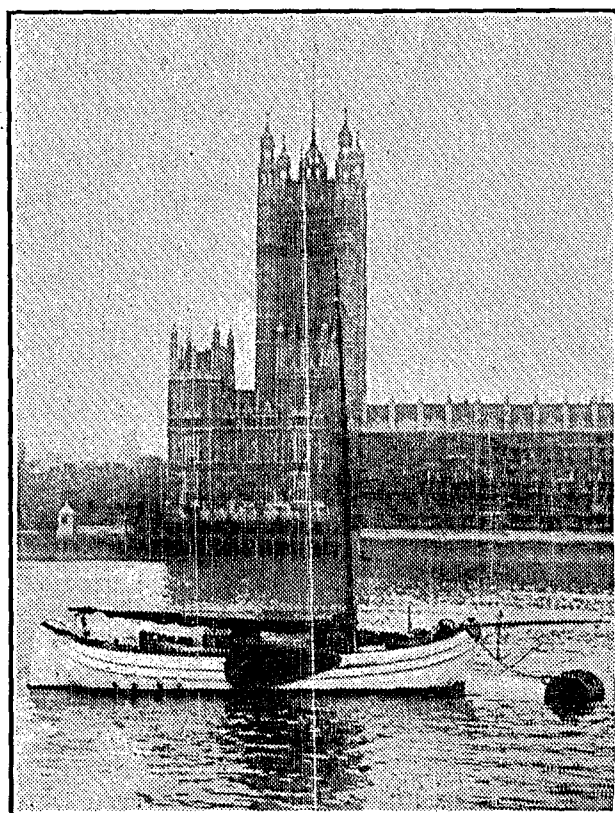
A big signal change is to take place on the G.W.R. All the familiar signal arms are to go, and electric lights that can be clearly seen by day as well as night will take their place.

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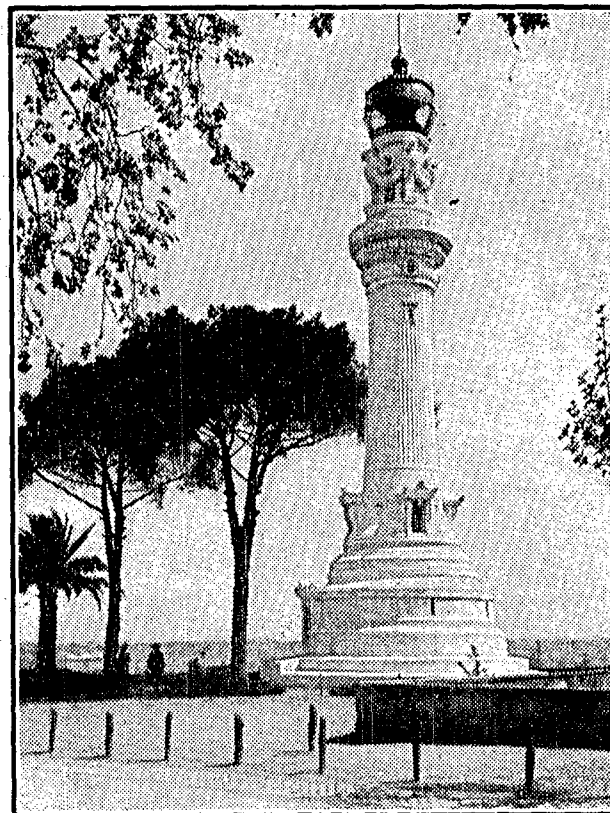
LIFE IN CAMP · AN M.P.'S RIVER HOME · ENGLISH PIPERS



M.P.'s River Home—Moored off the Houses of Parliament is a Dutch barge which has been converted into a home by Viscount Lynton, M.P. for Basingstoke.



Roof-top Training—Here is an athletic London waitress who uses the roof of her restaurant as a training ground for the running-track.



Rome's Lighthouse—This beautiful structure was built on a hill known as the Janiculum overlooking Rome by the Italian colony in Argentina. The hill is 275 feet high.



Healthy Appetites—Dinner-time in camp is very welcome, as these pictures show. On the left are Bradford Guides who are impatient for the cook to finish her work; and, on the right, boys of a Manchester club camping in North Wales are eagerly answering the bugler's call to dinner.



Tea in Downing Street—The Pied Piper of Hamelin was at Number 11 Downing Street for a garden party which was held in aid of a number of hospitals. Some of the rats stayed to tea.



Pipers of Dagenham—All these girls are English, and not one has been in Scotland. They live at Dagenham, and have learned to play the bagpipes to raise money for charity. See page 4.

THE OLD POND

An Explorer On a Hilltop

ONE OF THE FIRST FARMERS IN SUSSEX

"Who farmed this place before you?" asks the archaeologist.

"Old Tom Gray," says the farmer, "and his father before him, and before that the Browns had it two hundred years, and before that I don't know."

"I shall find out," says the archaeologist, putting a spade over his shoulder. He digs patiently for weeks, and he finds little broken bits of things that tell him what the first farmers were like.

In this way Mr S. E. Winbolt has been investigating some old fields on the top of Nore Hill at Eastham in Sussex. In a corner of one field is a small dried-up pond. Ancient Downland ponds are rare, and he hoped this might prove to be one; so he was saddened when he found, after digging about two feet down, an old-fashioned tobacco pipe. He knew that it must have been dropped there by some Southdown shepherd two centuries ago. Then the pond was not very old, unless it was already dry when the pipe was left there?

Two Thousand Years Ago

He dug deeper through silt and mould till, nearly four feet down, he came to the true bottom of the pond. Here on a floor of puddled chalk he found broken bits of Roman and Celtic pottery, a lump of iron slag, flints, and charcoal.

So now he knows all about the first farmer. He lived nearly 2000 years ago, and he kept his cattle on the hilltop because there you could keep a good look-out for wild beasts and raiders. But the worst of hill homesteads is that they lack the brooks which flow in the valley, so the farmer had to make him a pond.

He dug a hole four feet deep and fifty yards round on the hilltop, raising stout banks all round it, except on one side, where water would drain in from the slope. He could not get clay or straw for the bottom, so he made a solid floor of puddled chalk nearly two feet deep.

Story of Patient Work

Probably he threw in embers and ashes to purify the standing water. The flints and broken crocks and the lump of iron slag rolled in by accident.

Such a practical and industrious man must have thriven; but the pond was allowed to dry up about 1800 years ago. Were his sons lazy fellows and bad farmers, or were they carried off by slave raiders? We only know that the pond was never cleaned, and that the centuries have filled it with mould.

But at last someone has come along to reveal the story of the first farmer's patient work and the great age of this green corner of England.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE

TO GOETHE'S

A Pleasant Courtesy

From a Travelling Correspondent

Frankfort is busy tidying itself up in preparation for summer visitors, for this is Goethe's year and Goethe was born there.

New paint brightens the high-peaked houses, fresh curtains embellish shining windows, and the house made famous by the young Goethe's first lawsuit is being entirely done over.

But in the beautiful mansion where the poet grew up—in the very room in which he was born, in fact—a wreath is left untouched though its leaves are dry and crackling. This is one spot where the hand of the renovator may not reach. The card among the wreath's streamers of white ribbon reads: From Shakespeare's House to Goethe's House.

Though two centuries divided the lives of the English and the German poet both had great and all-inclusive minds, wide-ranging over the joys and sorrows of mankind.

It is fitting that the houses of their birth should exchange civilities.

A CRICKET BAT MUSEUM

IN Great Newport Street, not much more than a stone's throw from Piccadilly, is a museum of famous cricket bats. They hang in rows on the wall, reminding one of the old flags battle-worn and shot-riddled from famous victories.

There is one, the oldest known one in existence, dating back to the year 1750. There is a bat which was Grace's, and which he promised to return to the maker's if he made a century with it; in a letter attached to it he says that he returns it after making over a thousand. There is a bat which was F. S. Jackson's, bound in three places, with which he made two thousand runs, and on which he had gradually made a hole in one spot on the blade; this hole has had a wooden

patch let in, and the patch itself has been well knocked about also.

There is C. B. Fry's bat, which has been re-bladed, seeming to point to the fact that a handle can be like no other handle to a cricketer. There are two bats which once had shots embedded in the wood, remains of stray pellets from guns when men were shooting long ago, when these same cricket bats were willow trees bending over meadow streams in some county of England.

And there are bats, and bats, and bats besides—golden ones, brown ones, nearly black ones, chipped, lined, bound, rebound ones; some a mass of signatures, some little marked by the stress of time, but all veterans reposing after the fun and the strife of life.

THE WELLS OF DERBYSHIRE

MANY common things of life have been treated and thought of as holy. Bread is a holy emblem; fire to men of old was sacred; and over and over again through history we find that water has been held sacred.

Holywell in Wales is so called from a well there which was visited by pilgrims; and in Derbyshire even today the religious festival of well-dressing still takes place every year. Every Whitsuntide the ancient and famous well of St Alkmund in Derby is adorned, and at Buxton well-dressing takes place on the Thursday nearest June 24. Also in country villages where any wells exist people collect flowers, and with their petals make intricate pictures in mosaic of Bible texts or pictures above each spring.

On a sunny day at the end of May the writer drove to the little village of Tisington, deep hidden among the Derbyshire hills. There were gathered a large crowd of people who had either arrived in cars or walked great distances to see the procession and ceremony of the blessing of the wells. There were a robed mayor and town clerk, a choir in surplices, and the vicar, who blessed the water.

It is said that a ceremony much the same dates back to pre-Christian times. Whether this is so or not, it is enough to know that there are still people who think it worth while to keep up the old custom, showing their reverence for so common a thing as water, that emblem of life which springs from an unfailing supply through the ages from the old, beneficent Earth.

MOST BIRDCAGES ARE TOO SMALL

MANY of us would blaze with indignation if Mr Smith next door kept his dog chained up all day, and yet we may overlook the fact that our pet canary lives night and day the year round in a cruelly small cage.

The Marquess of Tavistock has been drawing attention to the inhuman custom of keeping birds too closely confined. He puts the blame on the makers of birdcages, and declares that these stupid people would appear never to have seen a bird other than a boiled chicken. They turn out great numbers of the most useless rubbish it is possible to conceive.

The cages they make are nearly always difficult to clean and awkwardly

arranged, and they soon wear out. Worst of all, they are far too small. Their wretched size is, he says, an unforgivable fault, especially as no one who wants to keep a pet bird would grudge it the extra foot or more of cubic space in the room that may make all the difference between a home and a prison.

Times may be hard, but by giving up some pleasure, such as a visit to the cinema, the poorest among us should be able to save enough money to buy that extra piece of space which means happiness instead of misery to the little feathered friend who is coming to live in our home. This matter is also dealt with in our leading article on page 6.

SOLID WALLS OF SPRAY

AT Niagara Falls last winter (as in all winters) one of the strangest sights was the frozen spray collecting on the trees and roads close by.

Each branch of each tree was inches thick in this solid-looking substance, and down one particular street people could walk with a hard wall of frozen spray on each side of them, which looked like enormous stiff masses of beaten white of egg high above their heads.

The sensation, to one traveller walking above the Falls at the end of March on a brilliant sunny day, was that there the Snow Queen of fairy-tale fame had laid the foundations of her palace, for

sunshine glinting on that heap upon heap of still, sparkling frothy whiteness had not a very earthy appearance, and it must have been almost unique.

With the coming of summer the high fairy walls disappear; the trees exchange their fluffy white clothing for green and golden dresses; but the Snow Queen is only a migrant. Next winter she will come again to collect the dancing foam with which to start once more her building in that strange patch of country, below whose roads and dwellings go the mightiest waterfalls in the world, ever tumbling and tossing and leaping in the summer-time through the ages.

SWITZERLAND HAS A GOOD HEART

WHEN the night train left Geneva for Zurich not long ago a mother was watching two small children she had stretched out on the benches for the night, covering them with her ragged remains of a cloak. Soon the carriage began to fill up, for in Switzerland most people travel by night. The newcomers drew the attention of one another to the scene and then began to ask questions of the mother.

She said that her husband had been doing good work in France as a mason but had been compelled to leave the country because he was not French, but Czecho-Slovak. In his own country he

had at length found employment and sent for his wife and two children.

The mother had got into the train at Geneva in the hope that she would be allowed to proceed, but she was without means to buy a ticket or any food.

Her fellow-travellers promptly sent round the hat, and the long carriageful of tourists and business men made up a substantial sum and then added fruit, chocolate, and cakes; whatever they had with them. They had some difficulty in persuading her to accept their help, but finally she sobbed out, "What a good heart there is in Switzerland; how can we thank you?"

50 AGAINST THE REST OF US

The Motorist By the Sea

We are not surprised that Brighton has taken steps to prevent the abuse of the seashore by motorists.

What very often happens at seaside resorts is that motorists go down to the sea, park their car all day, and use it as a bathing-tent and meal-room. It only needs fifty people to perform this selfish act to spoil a considerable frontage for most of us.

Brighton has met this particular form of selfishness by enacting a two-hour parking limit, and other places talk of following this example.

We may point out that it is not only by the sea that motorists thus monopolise amenities which should be open to all. If there is a path on to a common you will often find that a motorist will drive on to it and spread himself, his family, and his picnic all over the approach.

It is astonishing that motorists should imagine that they will be allowed for ever to do these things. They should take note of the rising tide of indignation.

LOOKING TO JUNE 16

The Lausanne Conference

The nations are to meet in conference at Lausanne on June 16.

The Hoover holiday for the payment of war debts and reparations expires on July 1, and if nothing is done payments become due again on July 15. It follows that the Lausanne Conference will have only a few weeks in which to make up its mind.

The great nations concerned in reparation payments are Germany, Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Belgium. Also concerned in the matter are Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Poland, Portugal, Greece, Hungary, and Bulgaria.

The order of the conference is to be, first, German Reparations; second, Other Reparations; third, General Questions. The last are very important because they include the economic and financial difficulties which have caused the world crisis.

FRAGMENTS OF AEROPLANES

Please Do Not Take Them

On another page we call attention to a number of accidents to aircraft involving loss of life.

After each serious accident, whether service or private machines are concerned, an Air Ministry inquiry is held to determine the cause. Much valuable information is gained from these inquiries; but sometimes it is impossible to find how an accident has happened because a vital piece of the wreckage has been missing.

The Air Ministry has issued an appeal to the public not to take pieces of wrecked machines as souvenirs, for quite often an insignificant-looking piece of wood, metal, or fabric is sufficient to reveal to an expert the cause of an accident.

We know C.N. readers will do all they can to help the authorities in this matter.

LEX KREUGER

World's Chief Swindler?

The late Mr Kreuger, now found to be perhaps the greatest swindler the world has ever produced, has his name attached to a new Swedish law which is accordingly called the Lex Kreuger.

It is a law on bankruptcies, which has been passed to deal with the horrible mess which has been made by this financier's defalcations.

As we pointed out when this matter was first reported, the British match industry is in no way involved in the Kreuger disaster.

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THE NEW PLANET LESS THAN FOUR MILES WIDE

A World That Came as a Bolt
From the Blue

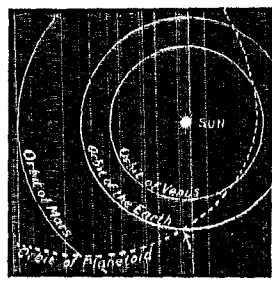
KNOWN AS 1932 H.A.

By the C.N. Astronomer

The little world which recently came hurtling toward our Earth and sped so rapidly away has proved of much more than passing interest.

It is called Planet 1932 H.A., for want of a proper name. Before it was recognised as a planet it was known as the Reinmuth Object, after its discoverer Dr Reinmuth, of Konigstuhl in Germany. It has also been known as the Delporte Planet because it appears to have been first observed by Dr Delporte, of the Belgian Royal Observatory at Uccle.

When first noticed it was very faint, and was thought to be a comet, but as it approached the Earth it was found to



How the path of the new planet intersects the orbits of the Earth, Venus, and Mars. The arrow shows where it recently came near the Earth.

be a small world which, strangely, varied in brightness and was in other ways seen to be a most surprising member of the great family of asteroids, or, more correctly, planetoids, of which over 2000 are known. It was the more surprising because it appeared to be one which had broken away from the family circle in which they nearly all revolve, in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter.

Still more astonishing was the fact that this tiny planet came so close to our world. It came to within about six million miles, nearer than any other world has been known to come, except the Moon.

This little world can come as near as three million miles, but only very rarely, and it will probably be many hundreds of years before it does so. It does not often come as close as it has come this year, and not until May, 1939, will it be anything like as near, although it revolves round the Sun in only about one year and three-quarters.

This little world is now near the orbit of Venus and, were it visible, would appear some way to the south-west of the Sun, at some thirty times the Sun's apparent width away. But it is travelling very quickly, much faster than the Earth, and, after passing within the orbit of Venus, it continues to approach the Sun with ever-increasing speed. About July 8 it is expected that its increased velocity will eventually begin to carry it away from the Sun, just as the faster a cricket ball is thrown upward the farther its velocity will carry it away from the ground.

A Strange Possibility

Of course we know the ball will come down, but if it could be thrown at the rate of, say, six miles a second it would not come down again. Now, this little world is speeding at the rate of between 25 and 30 miles a second, so fast, in fact, that when it recrosses the Earth's orbit (in about three-months time) it will have got so far ahead of us that there is no probability of anyone seeing it.

For it is only a very small world, between three and four miles in diameter. Imagine being able to walk from its north pole to its equator in an hour! How strange it would seem, providing we did not fall off such a tiny world, whose gravitational pull is so small.

It is just possible that in one of its very near approaches, perhaps ages hence, the Earth might capture it, as Mars appears to have captured what are now his little moons Deimos and Phobos, which were probably asteroids at one time.

G. F. M.

L. N. P.

What Are We Doing
For Peace?

OUR OWN CARD SYSTEM

Measuring the services of the Pioneers is the latest scheme of the L.N.P., and Record of Service Cards will be awarded to members who fulfil certain conditions, full particulars of which may be obtained at headquarters.

There will be three grades of cards, Class A for children of all ages who have done conspicuously good work, Class B for children of 13 or over, Class C for younger children. Activities should be grouped under three headings: International Friendship, World Knowledge, and Active Service, and progress along all three lines will be registered by the cards. For example, continuous correspondence with a boy or girl in some other country will satisfy the first requirement, knowledge of the aims and activities of the League will fulfil the second, and attendance at meetings or enrolling members the third.

Even from the youngest some real effort will be necessary before a card is awarded, but Class A cards will be won only on a very high order of achievement.

By another part of the scheme a Branch as a whole will be able to win stars for its shield or honours for its flag. It is hoped that this new idea will arouse widespread interest in the L.N.P.

C.N. readers who are not yet members should join without delay. They will find a big new interest in life and will be doing good service for Peace.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The L.N.P. Badge

SHE TOO WENT TO HEAR DICKENS

It is not so rare as we might have thought to meet people who remember hearing Dickens.

Mrs F. M. Phillips of Woking is another Victorian who has sent us a letter in a fine, vigorous handwriting to tell us that she also went to hear Dickens read. And she can beat Mr Thomas Grindle, who heard him in Manchester in 1868, by 11 years.

It was in December, 1857, when she was a girl of 12 and at school in Devonshire, that her father asked that she should be allowed to come home a week sooner than the Christmas holidays so that she might hear Dickens read his Christmas Carol.

WHO WAS ALARIC THE FIRST?

Born 376. Died Cosenza, Calabria, Italy, 410.

Chief, afterwards King, of the Visigoths, Alaric, though the leader of barbarians, was himself an Arian Christian. Although the great general Stilicho defeated him, he proved the foremost military commander of his age. He pillaged Athens; thrice besieged, and once, for six days, sacked Rome; deposed its emperor, and set up another.

Many barbarities were practised by his troops, in spite of his humane intentions; but he caused women to be spared and religious buildings to be preserved. At his death the River Busento was diverted from its course that he, with all his treasure, might be buried in its bed.

The work completed, those who had carried it out were put to death, that the secret might be maintained inviolate.

TROY'S SECRET

A Lost Link of History

WHO WERE THE TROJANS?

Troy is to be opened again.

More than sixty years ago the citadel was disclosed by the great German archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann and the Greeks of Homer came to life.

What had been a legend told by a poet became reality. All the kings and chieftains who had stalked through Homer's pages breathed once more, and with them came a knowledge of Greek life and ways in the earliest times such as never had been dreamed of by any Greek scholar.

The knowledge has been enlarged since then by archaeologists working elsewhere. Other buried cities connected with the birth and spread of the Greeks and their civilisation have been searched. The Greeks were colonists, and the earliest settlers among them were not one complete people or nation, but diverse tribes spreading to many places on the Mediterranean shore.

What Schliemann Missed

One such place was Knossos in Crete; another was Mycenae. There are others besides which are of better known history. But in Troy, which Schliemann found and which another German (Doerpfeld) interpreted, is the key to the origin of the Greeks and the gifts they brought.

Schliemann missed it. He discovered great treasure of gold and ornament. He made evident that Troy had been a powerful citadel guarded by four strong gates in its massive walls. Doerpfeld went farther, and brought an untold wealth of early Grecian relics into order. But Schliemann, like a treasure seeker eagerly turning over the earth in search of the prize, missed many things which did not then seem of much value, but which might now appear of greater importance in connecting facts than much which he prized.

Secrets Still Hidden

Round about the strong fortress of Troy sprawled a large city. What was it like? What manner of people lived there, who, though Greeks, were so different in culture and possessions from the Greeks of other settlements and remained so when Mycenae and Knossos were waxing in importance?

Were they partly Asiatic? Did they share the comings and goings of trade that flowed in one stream from Babylonia or Assyria through Palestine to Egypt? It is clear that Troy was a strong and self-sustaining centre of power and wealth. Who were the Trojan Kings? How did Troy rise? And why did it utterly vanish?

These are the secrets which Troy still holds, and which it is hoped that a further examination of its depths may reveal. All the arrangements have now been made for a further exploration of Troy and the region about it, as well as of the citadel where Schliemann left off his great work.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A GREAT SCENE

A Crime Against the People

Perhaps it may save some other places from making a rubbish heap of themselves if attention is once more called to the pitiful destruction of one of the noblest heights of Kent—Biggin Hill.

It has been famous for its majestic beauty for ages unknown, but it has been famous in flying and wireless history for not very long. Now it is infamous as almost the ugliest mile or two within an hour of London. Even the Parish Council has apparently given up all hope of its recovery, for it sticks its notices on trees as if nothing beautiful could now be saved from desecration hereabouts.

All we can say is that the destruction of Biggin Hill is a crime against the English people.



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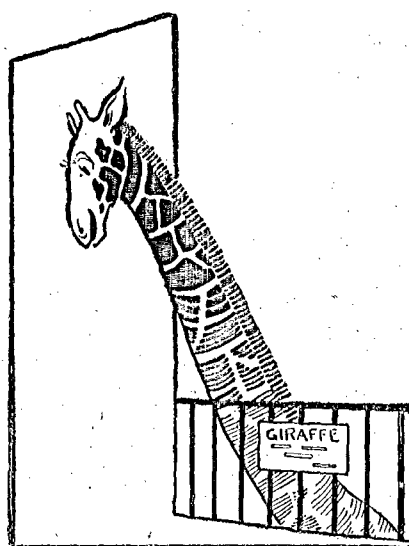
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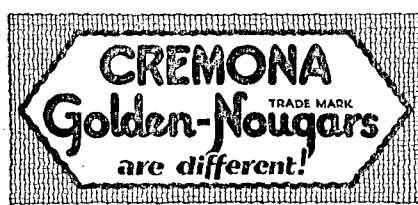
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Clark's Creamed Barley are offering next week 50,000 constructional sets of their new Model Air Park free to all readers of the C.N. The gift is supplied in the form of a chart with instructions for building a hangar and a speed monoplane which actually flies, banks, rolls, etc., and lands on wheels. Watch the C.N. next week!

FLYING PERILS

Triumphs and Disasters

CONTINUAL LOSS OF YOUNG LIVES

The courage of modern women has been again demonstrated by the remarkable feat of Miss Earhart in her flight across the Atlantic; but we were not sorry to learn that she refused to think of flying back to America.

Few of those who succeed in these great adventures ever repeat their journeys.

Unfortunately, the triumph of Miss Earhart was accompanied by very sad news of other aviators. On May 22 a monoplane crashed in Wigtownshire, killing both the pilot, Major Irwin Clarke, the director and chief of the Personal Flying Services Company, and his passenger, Mr Victor Barton, who was actually carrying pictures of Miss Earhart from Londonderry to London as part of his professional duty.

On May 21 Lieutenant Gibbons, R.A.F., was killed by crashing into a tree.

On the same day the famous Hungarian airman Captain George Endresz was killed. His aeroplane crashed, caught fire, and was destroyed; M Jules Pittay, a passenger, perished.

On Sunday, May 22, a private airman was killed in England.

Many Terrible Accidents

That is to speak only of the flying disasters which occurred almost simultaneously with Miss Earhart's triumph. Since then the world has witnessed many more terrible flying accidents, including the crashing of an R.A.F. machine in flames at Manchester, the killing of one of its occupants and the serious injury to the other; and the collision of two R.A.F. machines while flying near Shoreham, an accident in which one pilot lost his life and the other escaped by using his parachute.

Flying accidents and consequent deaths have now become so commonplace that they have reached the point occupied by motor-car accidents before the war. Then, as now, no one took any notice of what was coming or took any precautions. Flying accidents are many, although the number of machines in use is comparatively small.

If, as some people hope, flying-machines come into wide use, deaths will be suffered not only by those who use them, but by the communities upon which they will constantly crash.

C.N. FRIENDS AND CHINA

Flood Relief Fund

We have been glad to send to the Save the Children Fund the following sums received from C.N. readers for the sufferers from the Great China Floods.

C.N. Friend in Ayrshire £10; Dora Humphries £3; C.N. Reader £1 1s; A Walsall Reader and James Aimer £1 each; Two Billesdon Friends, Mrs R. F. Dallas, A. Pentney, E.P., and An Altrincham Reader ten shillings each; S.J.M., Miss R. Nelson, E. L. Edwards, S. E. Jennings, Mrs Sewell, C.N. Family in Mirfield, and a Belfast Sympathiser five shillings each; E. G. Noble 2s 6d; T. Davey, a Brighton Reader, a Friend in Oswestry, and a Felixstowe Reader one shilling each—a total of £20 12s 6d.

The splendid news has come that through the heroic efforts of Sir John Hope Simpson and his helpers the dykes will be almost finished by the time the rivers rise at the end of June. This wonderful achievement will prevent the destruction of the small but new harvests. There is now a chance that the ripened corn may be gathered in, so that the danger of starvation will be lessened; but in the meantime famine is stalking the land and hundreds are dying daily.

Any further help from C.N. readers will gladly be received by the Save the Children Fund, who have now merged their appeal with that of the China Flood Relief Committee, Edinburgh House, 2, Eaton Gate, London, S.W., to which address contributions should be sent.

THE GREAT MICE

PLAGUE

Trouble Not Over

HELPING THE UNEMPLOYED

We have not heard the last of the mice plague which has been devastating areas of northern Victoria.

Although the cold weather and the heavy rains have destroyed many of the mice in the fields, the farmers and station owners are still suffering from others which continue to damage hay, grain, and chaff.

The latest form of their destructiveness is the death of twelve horses. These animals fed on chaff and hay in which the mice had been, and it is said that the polluted food gave them a disease. District veterinary surgeons have diagnosed the disease as meningitis, and a special doctor has been called from Melbourne to find a cure.

The Mice in the Machine

Apart from this, the mice are still doing damage. One farmer started sowing his crop with a seed drill. The rain came and he left the paddocks unfinished. When the rain ceased and he went to complete the sowing he found his seed drill would not work. Numbers of mice had crawled into the various boxes and tubes and become jammed. More than sixty mice were removed before the machine was in working order again.

In all parts of this district food for horses is kept in special mouse-proof boxes.

An interesting fact is that numbers of unemployed men have found work in sewing up the holes made by the mice in the wheat bags—which shows that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

THE RAT THINKS IT OUT

A Scene at a River Bank

We take this remarkably interesting letter from The Times, to whom it is sent by A Hater of Rats.

A few days ago we were walking along the bank of a river in Kent, accompanied, as is our wont, by a dog. The dog presently drove out of some long grass a rat, which dived into the river.

Rat-hunting is one of our most exciting sports in these parts, and dog and humans at once jumped to their stations in high excitement. The rat stayed under water a very long time, and, when it eventually broke the surface, appeared to be in acute distress. It lay on its back with its mouth open and its arms outstretched, only keeping afloat by an occasional wriggle or contortion. Then a small rat put out from the bank, and, with the irresponsibility of youth, swam very fast up and down and round in circles in mid-stream. The old rat continued its contortions and, keeping an eye closely fixed on us, gradually worked in to the bank. Here, out of sight of the dog, it proceeded to look like a lump of alert mud and to watch events, still keeping an eye on us.

We unanimously decided that rats after all did not do so much damage; called off our dog; and went on with our walk.

Had the rat thought out a scheme of operation while swimming under water, with a dog close behind it? Or had it, as I have more than once in that bit of the river seen a duck do the broken wing trick to distract attention from its young, seen through the duck's deception, and made a mental note of the subterfuge, against any domestic emergency? Or do rats often act in this manner?

AN OLD MAN'S BOOK

Dr Holland, an American scientist, has joyously completed the manuscript of the second edition of his Book on all the Butterflies of the United States and Canada, on his 82nd birthday.

THE OTTER POND

AT THE ZOO

TWO DELIGHTFUL CUBS

The Danger of Improper Food

For Peter and Trixie

VISITORS, PLEASE TAKE NOTE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

After being uninhabited for a considerable time the Otter Pond at the Zoo has acquired two new occupants.

They are a pair of cubs, captured in Buckingham and believed to be only about eight months old. These baby otters are named Peter and Trixie, and although they are still feeling nervous in their strange surroundings it is expected that they will soon become great favourites. Peter is inclined to take offence if his keeper picks him up to pet him, but Trixie is already quite tame and enjoys being handled.

Feeding-Time

Feeding-time in the otter ponds has always been an attraction at the Zoo, for then these animals give a wonderful display of their skill and agility in the art of swimming. At present, however, Trixie and Peter are too young to show off at feeding-time. Their rations consist of herrings, which are chopped into tiny pieces, but as they grow older their allowance will be gradually increased.

When they have grown accustomed to the Zoo they will no doubt learn to take food from visitors' hands, and it is to be hoped that visitors who want to feed them will respect the Zoo's notice concerning food.

A Ban on Nuts and Buns

The otter's natural food is fish. The Zoo has lost many specimens because their admirers have offered them the wrong kind of nourishment. Otters will quickly develop a liking for nuts and buns; but this diet is bad for their digestions and sooner or later they suffer from the consequences. In the case of Peter and Trixie it is important that they should have nothing but fish, for they are very young.

Other new attractions are several baby creatures born in the Gardens. One is a Big-horned or Rocky Mountain Sheep. The arrival of this quaint lamb is peculiarly gratifying to the Zoo as his parents are the first of their kind to be exhibited in the menagerie. There are also a bull yak and a young reindeer, while three lively wild goats are running up and down the Mappin Terraces, showing how agile and surefooted they are even as babies.

C.N. AND ITS COMPANION

Opportunity Not To Be Missed

How many of your friends do not read the C.N.?

There are probably at least six who do not know your favourite paper, and to know it is to love it.

The Editor's offer to send My Magazine free for six months to readers who obtain six new subscribers to the C.N. cannot remain open for long, so please send your list of new readers before it is too late.

On page 13 will be found two forms. Ask your friends to buy this week's paper and fill in the lower form and hand it to a newsagent. Then write out a list of the names and addresses of your six friends, side by side with the name and address of the newsagent from whom each has ordered his copy. Fill in the upper form, attach it to your list, and send them to

C.N. Special Offer,

Fleetway House, London, E.C.4.

Schools are eligible for this scheme. It should be quite easy to find six new C.N. readers in any class, and the copies of My Magazine could be given for use in school. Many schools use the C.N. and My Magazine for special lessons.

Now please look on page 13 for the forms.

June 11, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 19 Off the Scent

"WE'LL have to go somewhere, and quickly," said Jim, with a nod of his head toward the locked door.

Several determined men were beating on it with their fists, and shouting for it to be opened.

"There's only one way to go," remarked Timothy, and the two boys forthwith went that way. It was down the corridor toward an electric light which they could see dimly burning in a room leading off it.

"I only hope we don't run into more trouble," whispered Jim. "No telling who is in there."

By now they had reached the dimly-lighted basement room. It seemed empty, and they entered, half-closing the door behind them. A dusty electric light burned near the ceiling, hardly dispelling the darkness natural to such underground rooms, although it was day outside. At one end of the room lay an overturned packing-case. On it had been thrown a workman's overalls and a very dirty, ragged cap. An opened tin of white paint and a brush stood on it, and near by a half-painted table.

Timothy had an idea.

"Get round the packing-case and into it, Jim," he ordered, cocking his head to listen. "They'll be through that door in a minute," he whispered, "and then the chase is on again. Get in the packing-case and don't make a sound."

Jim, with a questioning glance at his friend, did as he was told.

"Are you coming too?" he asked.

Timothy shook his head.

"I know a trick worth two of that," he said, grinning.

He slipped into the overalls, which had once been white, and with a slight movement of distaste put on the ragged cap, pulling it well down over his face. Then he dipped his fingers into the can of paint, and drew the same fingers across his face, with remarkable effect. The can had previously been used for green paint, and there was a little of this still wet on one side. Timothy added a green streak to the smudge of white.

"How's that?" he asked, turning an almost unrecognisable face toward Jim, who was peering over the edge of the packing-case.

Jim laughed for answer. Timothy seemed content, and turning his back on the door he proceeded solemnly to paint the unfinished table.

A few moments later a sound of feet running down the corridor in his direction made him glance warningly toward the packing-case. The door was thrown open. Timothy did not turn round.

"Did you see some boys go by here, my man?" asked a voice.

Jim, peering through a knot hole in the packing-case, saw a fat little man, no doubt the manager.

"Who are you calling your man?" growled Timothy in a surly voice, painting steadily without turning round.

"I'm speaking to you," returned the manager hotly, "and I will thank you to be more respectful in your reply."

"What do you want to know, then?" asked Timothy, with a great splash of paint on the leg of the table.

"Two boys, fugitives from justice, escaped down this corridor a few minutes ago. You must have heard them pass. Which way did they go?"

"What's it got to do with me!" growled Timothy, who was enjoying himself.

"It will have a great deal to do with you if you don't answer my questions," said the man. "I'll report you to your foreman for insolence."

The manager started to advance into the room, apparently intending to identify the man who had spoken.

"Want to know where they went?" asked Timothy hastily. "You'll lose them if you stay around here."

"Of course I want to know where they went," almost shouted the little man.

"Then go straight along the corridor and up the next flight of stairs," said Timothy, adding under his breath, "and see if you find them."

The manager turned to go from the room, and gestured to the others who were waiting for him to go the way indicated. Jim saw through his knot hole that the two men who had shadowed him from African Court had already started off at a run.

Timothy climbed out of the overalls.

"I wish you'd think of some way to get this paint off my face," he remarked

"As things turned out I needn't have disfigured my manly countenance after all. I was afraid he might make me turn round."

Jim looked hopefully round the room.

"Where there is paint there is turps," he suggested. "The two things go together like Siamese twins. Eureka!"

He pounced upon a bottle of turpentine that stood near for thinning paint. Timothy, who had been lost in admiration of his handiwork on the leg of the table, turned.

"A good deed is never wasted," he said, holding out his hands for the oil to be poured into them, but keeping his admiring eye on the nicely painted table-leg. "When our unwitting friend in need comes back he'll be surprised to find that some good fairy has been helping him in his absence."

"Come along," said Jim uneasily. "Those people may come back."

"True enough," returned Timothy, rubbing his face dry with his handkerchief and putting the cork into the bottle. "I think we'll investigate the wholesale stationery some more."

The two boys ran swiftly back the way they had come. They entered the premises they had left so hastily with some caution, fearing they might be recognised and the alarm again raised; but all those who had seen them and given chase were now at the other end of a long basement corridor and they attracted no attention.

They strolled with careful aimlessness through the small courtyard in front of the building, noting with relief that the delivery men had finished their task and left the place. At the entrance to the alley they glanced quickly up and down the street before trusting themselves to the outer pavement, but apparently their pursuers had not yet emerged from the intricacies of the basements in the block of adjoining buildings.

"So far, so good!" remarked Timothy. "But what next?"

His friend shook his head.

"All I want to do is to get into that house in African Court and hunt for Father. But how it is to be managed I don't know."

"Nor do I," said Timothy despondently. "Think we ought to try the tunnel again?"

"I'm not pleased with that tunnel exit," said Jim with a worried frown. "Somehow or other those two men got on my trail again. I don't know where they first saw me, of course, but it must have been somewhere near the house. If they saw me come out they know we've been in the tunnel. I don't like the idea of entering that trap again, Tim."

CHAPTER 20 A Sack of Coal

TIMOTHY agreed. "We'll have to work out another notion for getting you directly into the house," he said.

"Do you know you are still wearing that workman's cap?" said Jim suddenly, looking at his friend.

"No! 'Am I?" said Timothy, taking it from his head and turning it over in his hands. "I say, I didn't mean to steal it."

"I wouldn't throw it away, Tim," advised his friend. "It was an excellent disguise."

Jim's words, combined with the sight of a strange little figure that was approaching them at the edge of the pavement, gave Timothy an idea. He looked at his friend's rather slight figure and pushed the cap purposefully into his pocket.

"If you're game—and I think you are good for anything, Jim—I believe I know a way to get you into that house," he exclaimed. "Don't ask me what I mean yet. It all depends on whether luck is still with us."

The little figure approaching the two boys at the side of the pavement had a coal-blackened face, a piece of dirty sacking over its shoulders and a ragged cap. It was pushing a heavy handcart in which were several hundredweight-sacks of coal. It was a boy, although he walked with the stooping gait of a little old man, and his face had a pinched, hungry look.

"Do you ever," asked Timothy, approaching the handcart which had stopped at the entrance to African Court, "do you ever deliver coal to Number 6 in there?"

"Sure I do," said the boy. "But what has it got to do with you?"

"This much," returned Timothy, his heart stopping a beat with suspense as he pressed a half-crown into the dirty little paw. "Tell me, are you by any chance delivering coal there now?"

"Yes," said the boy. "Orders are two hundredweight-sacks a week. Never ask

Continued on the next page



C.N. SPECIAL OFFER

On page 12 particulars are given of an offer to C.N. readers who obtain new subscribers for the paper. Read the details carefully and then make use of these forms.

C.N. SPECIAL OFFER

I hereby declare that I have obtained the six new readers on the attached list, each of whom has handed to the newsagent named the order form published in the C.N.

Please send to me, free of all cost, My Magazine for six months.

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Address

Cut this out and post it to the address given below

Children's Newspaper Order Form

To.....Newsagent

Please deliver the C.N. for the next seven weeks to

Name
and
Address

Date.....

New readers cut this out and hand it to a newsagent

When filled in the top form should be posted, together with a list of names and addresses of new readers and the newsagents from whom they have ordered the C.N., to C.N. Special Offer, Fleetway House, London, E.C.4.

for pay in there, I don't. It's orders, and it does me out of my rightful tip."

"Then you don't take the coal into the house?"

"No, I don't, governor," returned the youngster, biting his half-crown cautiously and then putting it into his pocket. "There's a coal-hole in the paving in front of the house, just the other side of the area. I empty a couple of sacks down it once a week and come away. Gentleman pays the office, I suppose. Anyway, I've never seen anybody about there."

Timothy glanced at his friend, who was beginning to see the point of these questions, although he was puzzled to know what plan his friend had in mind.

"Then the hole must lead straight into the cellar, and thence to the house. Any-one could get in that way, couldn't they?"

"No, sir, they couldn't," said the boy, with a sly wink. "Because why? Because I've got the key to that manhole, and when I have sent the coal down I lock it."

"It's a lot of responsibility for you, isn't it?" said Timothy.

"Terrible," said Black Face, and winked again.

"Look here," said Timothy, taking the plunge. "There's a pound in it for you if you will let me have the use of your key and push-cart for just five minutes."

"A pound?" said Black Face, staring. For answer Timothy took a green note from his purse and displayed it. The boy's hand shot out, and was suddenly arrested in mid-air.

"Is it on the square, what you're going to do, governor?" he asked. "If it's only a joke like I'll do it."

"Perfectly square," Timothy assured him. "We're with the law, and not against it. I give you my word there won't be any trouble in it for you, and maybe there will be another one like this if my friend has another one on him. I haven't."

Jim, who was beginning to see what was intended, brought out another note eagerly from his pocket. But a grimy hand waved it back. "One pound is enough," he announced, "until the job is done. Here's the push cart and the coal and the key. Anything else you want?"

Timothy surveyed him.

"I'll borrow that bit of sacking you've got round your shoulders," he suggested,

Continued in the last column

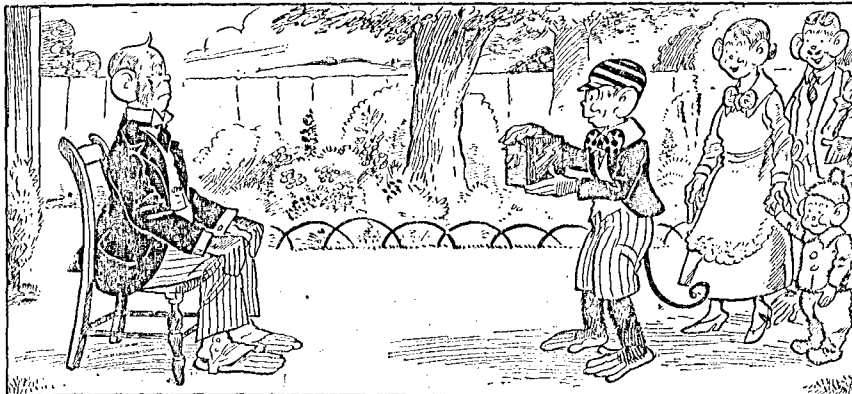
JACKO SNAPS THE FAMILY

JACKO was very fond of entering for competitions, although his mother often grumbled at the stamps he wasted.

One day, to everyone's surprise as well as his own, he found he had won a jolly little camera. To Jacko's delight it arrived on a Saturday when all the

"Click!" went the camera for the third time, and then another "Click" snapped Baby Jacko—with his mouth wide open.

Without waiting to take any more Jacko ran into the house and shut himself into the attic to start developing.



"Switch a smile on, Dad," coaxed Jacko

family were at home, so he promptly decided to use it at once.

"Come along out of doors," he cried excitedly, "I'm going to take each of you in turn."

Mother Jacko was the first. She sat in the garden chair with a broad smile on her face, and her hands stiffly folded in her lap.

"Suppose I'm the next victim," grunted Father, who hated being photographed as much as going to the dentist.

"Switch a smile on, Dad," coaxed Jacko. "You'll crack my new camera if you look so glum."

There was no need to coax Adolphus when his turn came. He was so anxious to look his best that he'd been practising expressions in front of his mirror!

Before very long he came flying downstairs, waving a sticky negative in his hand. "Here's the first one, Dad!" he cried. "I've hardly looked at it yet."

"Aye, it's me all right!" agreed Father, fumbling with his glasses.

Mother looked over his shoulder.

"No it isn't, my dear; it's me," she argued. "There's the apron I forgot to take off!"

Adolphus joined in the discussion.

"It's a bit of a mess," he admitted.

"But it isn't either of you; that handsome face you see there is mine!"

Jacko stared in amazement. Then he grabbed the negative to look closer.

"What luck!" he groaned. "I forgot to shove the stupid thing round, so all we've got is a family smudge!"

and rubbed his hand over the grimy sacks of coal. "I'm becoming a quick-change artist," he remarked, as he transferred the black to his face under cover of the alleyway to African Court. He pulled the bit of dirty sacking round his shoulders, put on the dirty cap from his pocket, and humped his shoulders over the handles of the barrow.

"Do I look all right from the top, Jim?" he asked. "It's from the top that we'll be observed, if at all. Somebody might happen to glance out of the upper windows of Number 6 to see the coal being delivered below."

"You look all right, Tim," said his friend, "so long as you keep your legs hidden by the barrow. What am I to do?"

For answer Timothy reached for one of the empty coal sacks that were folded on the end of the push-cart.

"You're going to get into this, my friend," he said, looking right and left to see that they were well hidden by the turn in the narrow alleyway. "Go, watch the entrance, will you, son?" he added to the gaping boy. "And whistle if anyone starts to come this way."

Jim took the sack somewhat doubtfully.

"Do you think I can get into it?"

"I jolly well know you can," returned Timothy firmly. "But not feet first. Sit up here on the cart and bring your knees up to your chest and your head down. Make yourself as small as you can, Houdini," he added, as he tried to pull the stiff sack over his friend. "I don't envy you the bump you're going to get when you come down sitting on a heap of coal; but it's for the good of the cause. How's that? Can you breathe?"

"All right," came a muffled voice, and Timothy forthwith took up the handles of the push-cart on which stood a row of sacks of coal, one of them a slightly curious shape.

Arrived at the coal-hole he lost no time, but unlocked it, emptied down it first a real sack of coal, then staggered over with a heavier and more unwieldy sack, rested it over the hole and held the top corners until something that was not coal slid out of it. Timothy bent down a moment to see a final wave of his friend's hand in the semi-darkness of the coal-cellar, as Jim went off alone to explore the inside of the sinister house, and Timothy, his trick accomplished, re-locked the grating and took the push-cart back to the waiting boy.

TO BE CONTINUED

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1 teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do *not* rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

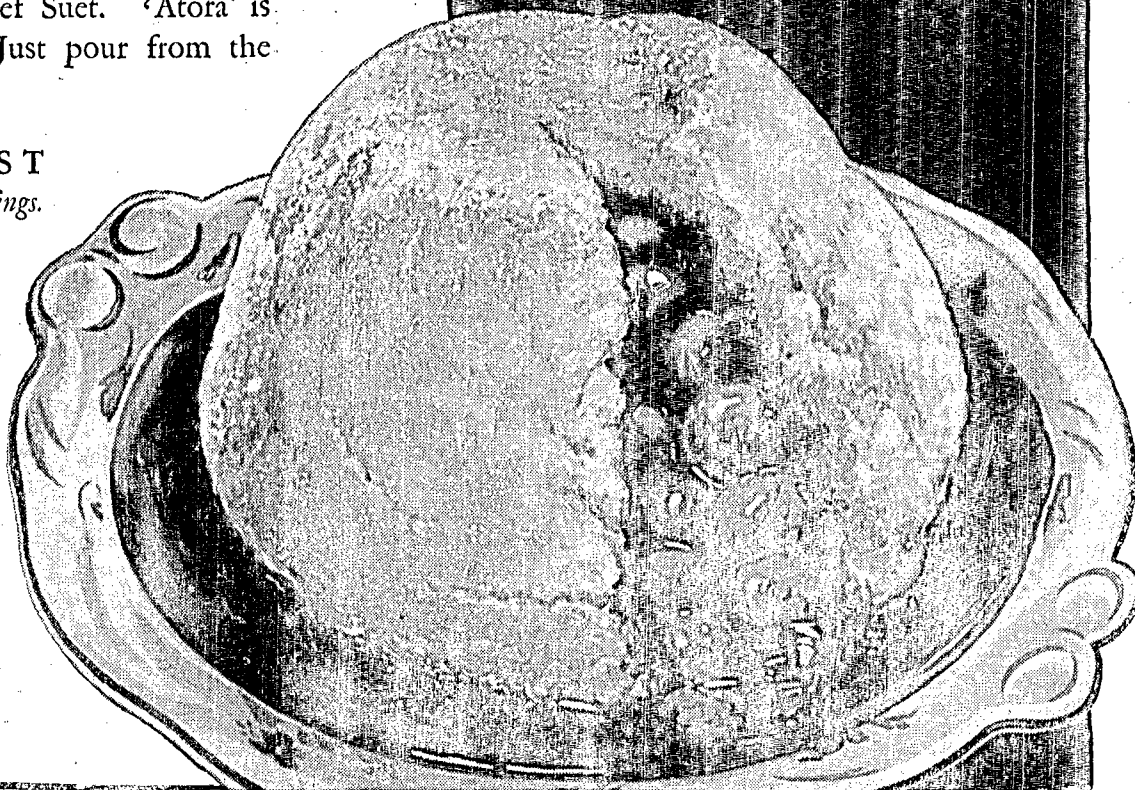
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June 11, 1932

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In Block Letters..... Children's Newspaper

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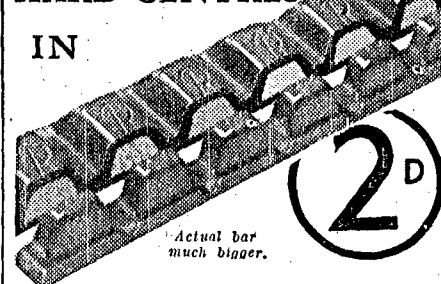
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PC 225-17

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for all FURNITURE,
Lacquer ware,
Bathroom ware, etc.

"NO OTHER POLISH IS NEEDED IN THE HOME"

